The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

THE AGE OF 'I'M AGIN IT'

George Bush got elected by running against Willie Horton. Dan Quayle has tried to shore up his political prospects by running against the beleaguered Mikhail Gorbachev. Republicans intend to forge a Congressional majority in 1992 by running against Saddam Hussein. And the Democrats hope to elect a President by running against Dan Quayle. These straw-man opponents have been erected, of course, to divert attention from the politicians' failure to deal with real issues confronting the country, among them:

The growing inequality between rich and poor.

The permeation of the culture by military values.

The absence of effective international peacekeeping mechanisms.

The domination of foreign and domestic policymaking machinery by corporate interests and elites unresponsive to democratic processes.

The rise of transnational media conglomerates that control the international information environment and are unaccountable to listeners, viewers, readers, the public.

The failure to draw up a conservation-oriented, pollution-reducing national energy policy.

The rampage of spiraling medical costs and the lack of decent health care for all Americans through a system of universal insurance.

The obsolescence of the social contract, which from the outset excluded all but white males from its benefits.

As the great rock music agent Irving Azoff supposedly said, "There's no contract that can't be renegotiated." But where are the leaders who will do a better deal for the neglected 50 to 80 percent of the population—depending on which economist you believe—whose standard of living has dropped in the past decade? They have yet to emerge.

SOVIET LABOR PAINS
Lewis H. Siegelbaum

JEWS AND THE GULF WAR
Arthur Waskow

SALVADOR LESSONS
Sara Miles

ORIGINS OF PRIVACY
Melvin L. Wulf

'THE SMILE OF THE LAMB'
John Leonard

VIETNAM TO THE GULF
Richard J. Walton

BEAT THE DEVIL

BUSH & P.C.— A CONSPIRACY SO IMMENSE . . .

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Earlier on that alarming day, May 4, that his heart started to beat faster, President Bush visited the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor to give a commencement address and to attack "the notion of political correctness." Said notion, he explained, "declares certain topics off-limits, certain expressions off-limits." And "although the movement arises from the laudable desire to sweep away the debris of racism and sexism and hatred," it had led to intolerance. The man who campaigned on race hate in 1988 had the impudence to declare that "political extremists roam the land, abusing the privilege of free speech, setting citizens against one another on the basis of their class or race."

With the presidential imprimatur, "political correctness" has come of age as a national bogy, following prolonged apprenticeship in the press with cover stories in *Newsweek*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *New York*, plus fulsome accounts in *Time*, *Fortune*, *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*—the last of these giving P.C. the attention once reserved for the snail darter, the RICO law and yellow rain.

Not a bad showing for something that is largely imaginary, though in the minds of its foes it is all-pervasive, like that other exhalation of *fin de siècle* American paranoia, child abuse in day-care schools. And indeed the uproar over P.C. and the destructive mania about "ritual abuse" and child abuse in day care (the subject of an excellent PBS *Frontline* documentary on May 7)

(*Cont. on p. 690*)

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LETTERS.

THE PEACE FEELER WASN'T

Champaign, Ill.

This letter is in response to the April 15 article "The Peace Feeler That Was," by Robert Parry, regarding my July-August 1990 visit to Iraq. Parry violated the most basic rule of journalism. He never spoke to me, so his information is not accurate. This will set the story straight.

In July 1990 I traveled to several Arab gulf countries to meet with businessmen and officials about a U.S.-Arab gulf business conference to be held in Bahrain in October. As a member of the Federation of Arab Gulf Chambers of Commerce, Iraq was invited to send a delegation. I thus visited Iraq to discuss the conference with potential participants. I had read about the buildup of Iraqi troops along the Kuwait border, so before leaving Bahrain for Iraq I requested that the U.S. Embassy determine if travel to Iraq was safe. Embassy personnel in Iraq assured us that travel was safe. While in Iraq, I met with many businessmen, the U.S. chargé d'affaires, Joe Wilson, and Nizar Hamdoon at the Iraqi Foreign Ministry. I had previously met Hamdoon in the United States when he was Iraq's Ambassador in Washington. I was scheduled to leave Iraq on the afternoon of August 2. Iraq invaded Kuwait that morning.

After the invasion I, like other Americans, was detained. I attended numerous meetings at the U.S. Embassy and, after hearing rumors about Americans being taken hostage in Kuwait, I decided to attempt to leave Iraq. While at these embassy meetings, I met Samir Vincent for the first time. He and several others also decided to try to cross the border into Jordan. We relayed our plans to leave to Wilson. I spoke to Hamdoon as well. Neither man was encouraging and neither offered any special assistance. As I have indicated to the press, my escape was neither heroic nor particularly dramatic. Nor was it "staged" (Mr. Parry's term). I traveled with Vincent, who speaks Arabic. We hired a taxi, went to the border, hitched a ride with Danish journalists to Amman, and I called my wife to let her know I was safe. Any foreigner who was not an Iraqi resident could have crossed the border into Jordan. Meanwhile, my wife had been calling everyone who might have some contact with Iraq or Jordan to seek help. She called our Congressmen and others, including White House Chief of Staff John Sununu's office. I had known Sununu while he was Governor of New Hampshire, and we have met at Arab-American cultural events.

In the meantime, I had left Jordan. I did stop in Washington to meet with Sununu at his office. I briefed him about the status of the Americans being detained in Iraq. I also told him that I had met with Hamdoon and that Hamdoon had said that Iraq had no quarrel with the United States. I told him that I had met many businessmen who were eager to do business with the United States and that in my opinion the Iraqi people's support for the invasion of Kuwait was not broad or widespread.

I did not meet with National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft. Nor did I carry a formal proposal or any other document from the Iraqi government. I could not tell Sununu anything he had not heard before.

Like most Americans and most of the world, I wish that the Iraq-Kuwait conflict could have been settled peacefully. I wish there had been no invasion, no deaths. I wish the devastation of Kuwait had never happened. I wish I could have won a Nobel Peace Prize for being an ordinary American businessman who brought peace to the gulf. Unfortunately, wishful thinking does not make reality.

Michael P. Saba

PARRY REPLIES

Arlington, Va.

As Michael Saba well knows, I tried to reach him before my article appeared. I talked with his wife, who said he had returned to the gulf on business. I outlined the story to her and asked that she have her husband call me as soon as possible. He chose not to return that call.

After Saba's letter arrived at the *Nation* offices, I tried twice more to reach him before he finally responded. He acknowledged that my message to his wife had reached him but that he had been too busy at the time to speak with me. In our belated phone conversation, I asked that he be more specific about exactly what Iraq's Deputy Foreign Minister, Nizar Hamdoon, had told him and what he told White House Chief of Staff John Sununu. Saba declined to elaborate on the carefully worded statements in his letter.

Saba's wording—that he carried no "formal proposal or any other document from the Iraqi government" and that he could not tell Sununu "anything he had not heard before"—does not necessarily conflict with my story. What other sources and a Congressional report assert is that Hamdoon conveyed the peace plan orally to Saba and another Arab-American businessman, Samir Vincent. They were given no formal document and had only their notes at the meeting. The same peace proposal apparently also went through State Department channels, to which Sununu would have had access. Thus, Saba's letter could be technically correct, though misleading. When I asked Saba about that possibility, he again refused to comment.

According to a former U.S. military officer involved with the initiative, Saba and Vincent had planned to go to the White House together on August 10 to deliver the Hamdoon message, but Saba, who knew Sununu socially, opted to go alone. Vincent met later with National Security Council aides to discuss the peace plan. According to the Congressional report, National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft told former Director of Central Intelligence Richard Helms that he (Scowcroft) "had learned of the initiative from Saba as of Aug. 10."

But regardless of exactly who told what to whom, and when, the overriding point of the article stands: At a fork in the road where one path led to war and the other to a possible diplomatic solution, the Bush White House chose the path to war. The ensuing death and destruction, which continue to this day, were the logical and perhaps inevitable results of that decision.

Robert Parry

INTERNED . . .

Claremont, Calif.

I read with interest Jamin Raskin's "Remember *Korematsu*" [Feb. 4] and the responses it provoked ["Letters," April 1]. Your readers should be aware that at the time that Japanese-, Italian- and German-Americans were being interned in the United States, the U.S. government engineered the roundup of Germans, Italians and Japanese in Central America (their property, of course, was confiscated by the local governments). They were shipped to U.S. internment camps and, when possible, exchanged for American P.O.W.s. I had a school chum (German father, Salvadoran mother) who suffered that fate. He arrived in Hamburg hours before a devastating air raid and witnessed the battle of Berlin. He returned to El Salvador in 1947. Another, less fortunate, died at the Russian front. As late as 1972 the West German government was pressuring Guatemala to compensate German citizens for the losses incurred in the confiscations of 1942.

Mauricio Dominguez

. . . AND FORGOTTEN

Winchester, N.H.

Regarding the relocation of Japanese-Americans during World War II, Raskin quotes a Congressional commission as having said, "We unleashed summary sanctions upon a small ethnic group on a scale unknown in our history." Native Americans apparently slipped the commissioners' memories.

W.H. Lupton

NIP IT IN THE BUD—II

★

A RESPONSE TO 'WE'VE GOT THE GUN NUTS ON THE RUN' [April 22]

I am not willin'
To be blasted by Trillin
For owning a rifle or two.
And I don't like his choice
In not raising his voice
'Gainst real gun nuts
Like Bush and his crew.

Angus Cameron
Wilton, Conn.

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EDITORIALS.

Media Engulfed

Of all the mistaken perceptions suffusing the late gulf war, none was more egregious than the view that the news media in America would behave as they did during much of the Vietnam War: with suspicion, criticism, independence and even a degree of honor. Those opposed to the U.S. intervention counted on an adversarial press to galvanize popular resistance, and those waging the war did their best to subvert or neutralize any critical stance before it could do much damage.

As it turned out, the hopes of the opposition were in vain, and the program of damage prevention and control was in large part unnecessary. The regulations imposed by the Bush war Cabinet and the Pentagon limited the press's access, and the "pool" system helped create an official reality of combat that had little to do with the facts on the ground. But the main problem was with the mass media, not the government. Self-censorship, self-deception, unexamined bias and just plain cowardice subverted the facts, obscured history and occluded criticism better than any imposed regime could have done.

The belated doubts that some news organizations are now expressing about their own "coverage" of the war, and their tardy attacks on Pentagon manipulation, don't mean that the media have suddenly adopted a critical stance toward the policy elite. For their failures were not one-time lapses of judg-

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ment or moments of inappropriate obedience but rather the result of their integration into the political, economic and ideological establishments they are supposed to be covering.

A few media analysts (most of whom write for these pages) have spent years chronicling the corporate takeover of American journalism, but until the gulf war the consequences had been hard for average readers and viewers to discern. *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, the networks and the newsmags, *MacNeil/Lehrer* and *Nightline* had kept in good standing with middlebrow, right-thinking news consumers. Now everyone can see how a diet deprived of independent journalism—in the mass market, that is—can shrink society's stomach for the truth.

The dominance of television over print and the inaccessibility of the airwaves to any but the richest media corporations (and their military-industrial interlocked directorates) muffled the alternative voices that grew so loud during the Vietnam era. There was, however, brilliant and powerful film and video work done, excerpts of which were shown May 7 at a packed forum in New York City called "Media Mirage: Coverage of the Gulf Crisis." Filmmaker Jon Alpert's footage of Iraq under U.S. bombardment would have had an unsettling impact on the American consciousness had it been shown on NBC, to whom Alpert was under contract. But the network refused to run the film—and fired Alpert! In the end, most of the "alternative" images never got the airing they deserved.

What about news for next time? It may not be possible to reform an information-delivery system so deeply commingled with the political and economic command system that is so well entrenched in this country. The way to start, however, is with the systems, not the symptoms. Democratic participation in corporate decisions and corporate accountability to consumers are necessary conditions for change. That might not alter the way Tom Brokaw or Diane Sawyer delivers the news, but it would redefine the meaning of the news, who it serves, what it's for. And next time is now.

R.S.V.P.

Last month, the Auto Dealers and Drivers for Free Trade, a PAC, invited members of Congress to a Capitol Hill reception. Two days after the invitations went out, legislators received a chummy little note from Thomas Hale Boggs Jr. of the law firm Patton, Boggs & Blow: "As you may know, the Auto Dealers and Drivers for Free Trade PAC contributes $1,000 to Members whom it has invited who attend the reception."

Rarely does one see bribery practiced so openly in Washington. Boggs, a powerhouse lobbyist, is the son of Hale Boggs, the late Democratic majority leader, and Lindy Boggs, a former Representative. Oh yes, Democratic Party chair Ron Brown is a partner in his firm. Autopac is notorious for targeting Democrats.

DAVID CORN

Norman's Conquest

Brooding the other day over a report that consumer spending is not picking up the steam needed to power the country out of the recession, we could not help but recall how the economic experts were promising that after the quick conclusion of the gulf war shoppers would rush to the stores uttering glad cries. But, it turns out, no sale.

Then we read a report in *The New York Times* about an advertising campaign by America West Airlines featuring the comedian Jonathan Winters, a look-alike of America's current hero, Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf. Exploiting the physical likeness, the ad shows Winters dressed in the general's trademark fatigues, sternly pointing à la the World War I Uncle Sam "I Want You" recruiting poster. The headline has a martial ring, underscoring the association with the hero of Desert Storm: "Announcing Air Superiority for Civilians." The purpose of the campaign, the *Times* said, is "to rescue America West," a small airline little known to the flying public.

"Eureka!" we cried. If Schwarzkopf's ersatz persona can rescue a struggling airline, why not use the real thing to boost consumer spending? Why not put General Schwarzkopf into the product-endorsement business? Tap not only his potent personal popularity but all the residual patriotism from the war to revive the economy. General Norm's endorsement of a product would make buying *American*; why, it would practically be a direct order.

Take the auto business—please. General Motors posted a billion-dollar loss in the last quarter, but Stormin' Norman could get the cars rolling out of the showroom. We can see him starring in one of those "New Generation" Oldsmobile commercials. It would open with shots of U.S. smart weapons laying waste to Iraq and then the general saying, "A new generation of weapons won the war in the gulf. That's why I drive the new generation of Olds."

But we're only spitballing. The point is that the general would lend his valuable name to a host of products from beer to antacids, from laxatives to denture cream, from insurance to athletic shoes. His face would saturate television and the print media like he blitzed Iraq; his goofy grin would become as well known as Mickey Mouse's or Big Bird's. He could sponsor a line of official Desert Storm products—copies of those sand-shade camouflage uniforms he's still wearing in his public appearances; Desert Storm bottled water, Desert Storm T-shirts, Desert Storm boots, Desert Storm electronic gear, Desert Storm videos (in addition to the ones already made) and so on. And don't forget the ladies: Desert Storm lipstick, Nuits de Baghdad perfume, Desert Shield deodorant, Scud toilet bowl cleaner.

We realize that ordinarily it is considered bad taste for a public figure to lend his or her name to commercial exploitation, but after all, Tip O'Neill did a gig for Amex after he left the House. And these are not normal times. If people object to commercializing the military, Norm could donate a percentage of his fees to homeless Vietnam veterans.

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The point is that by stimulating consumer demand Norm would be performing an even greater service to his country than he did in the gulf. He would revive the civilian economy, just as he did the military-industrial complex. And what could be more appropriate than the hero of the war, which some economists say worsened the recession, restoring prosperity at home? Call it the war dividend.

Papal Polonaise

The post-Stalinist regimes of Eastern Europe collapsed in part because of the glaring contrast between theory and practice, promise and fulfillment. The Catholic Church, meanwhile, a much older hand at politics, seems to thrive on a kind of ambiguity that the Communists never mastered. This thought is prompted by Pope John Paul II's latest encyclical, *Centesimus Annus*, an important document on the church's social policy that reveals, incidentally, that the Vatican has a more realistic concept of the world after the upheaval in Eastern Europe than the panegyrists of George Bush's "new world order."

Naturally, the encyclical sees the failure of the Soviet-bloc regimes as confirmation of its view that socialism and Marxism are wrong and bankrupt. There would be an outcry if one drew a similar conclusion about Christianity on the basis of the Inquisition, but such distortions are inevitable in the battle of propaganda. More interesting is the fact that, with capitalism seemingly entrenched, the church no longer feels the need to play the role of anti-Communist crusader. The Pope now emerges as a critic of the "idolatry of the market" and a defender of capitalism with a human face.

As usual, the encyclical does not quite make clear how the capitalist logic of profit is to be reconciled with the "primacy of the human being" that the Pope desires. There are also more down-to-earth questions. Does the encyclical mean that the Vatican will now cease the reshuffling of the Latin American hierarchy? When he visits Poland in June will John Paul damn Lech Walesa and his Finance Minister for introducing the crude and cruel version of capitalism blessed by the International Monetary Fund? Obviously not. Yet the encyclical should enable the advocates of liberation theology or the critics of the Balcerowicz plan in Poland to claim that the Pope is on their side. The wisdom of the Vatican is to have grasped that in both the Third World and Eastern Europe it will have to deal not with the blessings but with the curses of the capitalist system.

The Pope's home country gives some idea of what the church can do when it has real influence. Having played a helpful role in the transition, the Polish church gained great prestige and power under the new regime. Conscious that these gains may prove ephemeral, it is now trying to institutionalize its prerogatives. The Polish bishops have just suggested that the separation between church and state be abolished in the new Constitution. Whether or not they succeed in having the dominant position of Catholicism enshrined in the text, they are already busy achieving it in practice.

The introduction of religious instruction in schools was only the first item on the clergy's agenda. Some church leaders would also like a ban on contraception and the outlawing of civil weddings—and hence of divorce. Fearful of a future in which it will no longer benefit from the existence of the Communist bogy, and in which it risks being weakened by the corruption spread by the capitalist market, the church wants to tighten its stranglehold on Poland's social and cultural life.

Judging by its efforts on abortion, it will not be bothered by scruples. A church-supported bill that would criminalize abortion has already been passed by the Solidarity-dominated Senat. It must still be voted on, however, by the lower house, whose members have been subjected to an intensive campaign stage-managed by the clergy. A propaganda drive in the schools has used all sorts of devices, including showings of the notorious antiabortion film *The Silent Scream*. Kids are told to ask their parents to sign petitions in favor of the bill; in small provincial towns it can often take courage to defy the local priest. The collection of signatures is being used to create the illusion of popular backing and thus prevent a proper consultation, for the Catholic Church dreads a referendum, which it would probably lose (most polls show roughly 60 percent opposed to the antiabortion bill). Such a defeat would destroy the myth of the church as moral master and representative of the population.

Why then are the deputies likely to toe the line? Because with a parliamentary election scheduled for the fall they fear the clergy's undoubted influence; because many people who were brave enough to face the jails of the old regime do not have the courage to defy the church; because on this issue, unlike economic ones, critics cannot claim that the Pope is on their side. For he is the main inspiration of this "moral order." Optimists suggest that the Catholic Church, having overplayed its hand, will provoke a backlash that will halt the movement toward theocratic rule. Be that as it may, for the outside world the Pope's trip to Poland is a useful reminder of the difference between the abstract elaborations of an encyclical and "really existing" Catholicism.

DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

★

COLIN POWELL RECONSIDERED

A new book says that Colin Powell
Last August was a dovelike fowl:
He said he didn't see the rush
To bomb them into cornmeal mush.
Although he seems too tough to dis, he
May now be branded as a sissy.

Calvin Trillin

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

(*Continued From Front Cover*)
address similar terrors, about the theft of innocence, the intrusion of alien molesters into the natural rhythms of an American upbringing. The Satanists who coaxed children onto broomsticks and thence by rapid aerial locomotion to a lonely cemetery and unspeakable acts become, amongst the P.C. cohort, the heirs and assigns of St. Just or the Red Guards, tossing the Great Books of ancient wisdom on the pyres of the new intolerance.

The same day that Bush spoke at Ann Arbor, I visited "The West As America" exhibition at the National Museum of American Art, part of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Billed as a reinterpretation of images of the frontier, 1820–1920, it was a fairly decorous attempt to gloss the paintings and photographs of Bierstadt, Remington, Moran, Jackson and the others with commentary derived from the historical and moral concerns that got such a useful shove forward in the 1960s. Paragraphs adjacent to the images invited people to conceive of a march to the West more compromised than the art suggested. Some of these were a mite preachy, in the P.C. manner—the term "politically correct," after all, got its start among the left as a joke on those who took commitment to the far edge of self-righteousness—but the intent was good.

At the end was a book available for visitors to inscribe their opinions. This was thick with recriminations and applause. "Where are the 'Buffalo Soldiers'? Again blacks have been left out," one entry ran. "A relentless sermon of condescension," wrote Simon Schama. "How very politically correct," another scrawled. One of the longer entries concluded, "I didn't need to be told that these pictures were propaganda. Fooey! I'm happy with the myth. I cried like a baby at Dancing With Wolves. I know the scholars and curators would have poo-pooed my red eyes. My great grandfather was a sheriff in Kansas in 1874."

Thus did the battle rage about the propriety of pointing out in an exhibition at the Smithsonian in 1991 that the opening of the West involved the genocide of native peoples, and that painters and photographers were complicit in this genocide. The will to retain a useful historical amnesia lies at the heart of the fury about P.C.

Dangerous Diversions

My colleague Andrew Cohen recently navigated the great torrent of P.C. hysteria and proposed what follows as its core concerns. Much of the press has located the clearest representation of the P.C. impulse in restrictive speech codes imposed by colleges—inhibitions on students from speaking their minds freely, as the young love to do and as some fraternity "Crows" at Syracuse University recently demonstrated by wearing T-shirts with the words "Club Faggots Not Seals" and a cartoon of a crow wielding a spiked club above a prone and faceless figure. In February of this year Brown University expelled a student, Douglas Hann, under "hate speech" provisions after he shouted, "Fucking niggers. . . . What are you, a faggot? . . . Fucking Jew"; told a black woman, "My parents own your people"; and had to be restrained from provoking a fight.

Many universities have such "hate speech" codes, among them Stanford and Wisconsin, the latter of which had experienced a rash of racist incidents including a "slave auction." Foes of P.C. who see its adepts as being oversensitive to the ethnohustle of today's campuses skim over the actual violence there. In December 1987 some Asian-American women at the University of Connecticut were spat upon by football players shouting "Oriental Faggots." At the University of Massachusetts in 1986 a white mob of 3,000 chased and beat anyone in its path who happened to be black. The National Institute Against Prejudice and Violence reported racial incidents at 115 campuses in 1989, and its updates continue to catalogue abuses.

Articles on restrictive speech codes mostly misconstrue these as the aim of the "politically correct." But as Jonathan Yardley noted in *The Washington Post*, "Universities are scared of lawsuits and demonstrations initiated by minority groups." A University of Maryland official explaining why the school tried to ban display of the American flag said, "We have a big population to be sensitive to. The university does not want our public spaces to show people's opinion."

The P.C. barrage has also elided important initiatives from the story of campus sex and race relations. Wisconsin's speech codes and ethnic studies requirements have been mentioned frequently in the press, but the "Madison plan," significant because it budgets $4.7 million to double minority faculty and otherwise diversify at the fourth-largest school in the country, is mostly unnoticed. Dinesh D'Souza, the Ahab of the P.C. hunt, has attacked Duke University's "opportunities appointments" program, which mandates searches for qualified minority faculty by every academic department. He calls it "the victims' revolution," astounded at the discovery that this is what revolution used to be before Reaganites appropriated the word. Hampshire, Purdue and Williams have similar recruitment programs—attempts to create a critical mass of minority scholars who need not feel threatened or turned into tokens or obliged in some silly fashion to represent the "viewpoint" of their race.

Bulking large in the bill of indictment against P.C. is the claim that it undermines "qualifications." An article by D'Souza in *The New Republic* was interchangeable with the National Association of Scholars advertisement appearing on the opposite page. Both deplored "the admission of seriously underprepared students" to universities, conflating affirmative-action candidates with these same "seriously underprepared" at every turn. Conclusion: P.C. is out to undermine every measure of excellence, thus ushering in dreaded "relativism" and hence the downfall of all we hold dear.

Shackled to "relativism" in the P.C. case file is "multiculturalism," honored in *The New Republic* as "one of the most destructive and demeaning orthodoxies of our time." "Multiculturalism" here means race essentialism. Any reasonable person would object to essentialist doctrines, which propose race as the primary determinant of human behavior,

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

but it is grotesque to see the demand for proportional hiring of minorities and curricular diversity as a "dogma of race and of a revolution." (On this note, at one point last year my brother Patrick was confabulating with a *New York Times* reporter in the coffee shop of the Al-Rashid Hotel in Baghdad. The *Times* man commenced by denouncing Saddam Hussein at such a volume that Patrick squinted round nervously to see if any Iraqi security types were lurking nearby. This outburst concluded, the man leaned across the table and, after a furtive glance around, began to discuss ethnic hiring patterns at the *Times* in a voice so low that Patrick could barely make out what he was saying over the clatter of coffee cups—something about the paper's editorial staff being now about 70 percent Jewish.)

My colleague Cohen reckons that the diversification of the academy has ushered in a long-postponed conflict between the explaining and the explained classes, with the P.C. conflict as part of the fallout. On *This Week With David Brinkley* on May 5, for example, Stephan Thernstrom, a Harvard professor of history and an "expert" on poverty, related "political correctness" to what he decorously termed the "minority mismatch problem," a "degree of frustration on the part of many minority students who have been placed through affirmative action in institutions where they're not doing very well on average." What kind of atmosphere does it create in the classroom when a professor believes that minorities are "mismatched" to higher education? What sort of conflicts ensue when a culture-of-poverty adherent faces a classroom with people whose lived experience contradicts his expertise? As Professor Adolph Reed remarked, "You can't just pick out the narratives of the people in charge and call it American history anymore."

The final charge of the P.C. hysterics involves "politicization," what *The New Republic* calls the distraction of "the university from its central task of open-ended disinterested inquiry." In accurate translation this means fashioning of minds sufficiently deadened to reason and history to allow the capitalist project to reproduce itself from generation to generation. This is the silliest part of the whole uproar. Part of the cry of "politicization" stems from the notion that there has been a slash-and-burn assault on core courses in Western civilization, allowing ideological critiques and non-Western canons to sprout and multiply. But Education Department figures show that from 1972 to '84 only about 20 percent of college students elected to take Western civilization courses in the first place. And the most vocal P.C. alarmists, such as those steering the National Association of Scholars, are as firmly lodged in academia as the sphinx next to the Great Pyramid, though this particular sphinx's right haunch did fall off a few years ago, which may be a hopeful augury.

Academia is diversifying, albeit at a glacial pace when it comes to faculty. In the early '60s ten of the top history departments in the country had 160 professors, all of them men, and 128 assistant professors, four of them women. Ten years later there were 274 professors, two of them women, and 317 assistants, 314 men. By the mid-1980s, 11.7 percent of all full professors in the country were women. Only 2.2 percent were black. So "glacial" is the word.

P.C./D.C. in Portland

The final twitch of P.C. *grand peur* has to do with the age-old fear of antinomian beastliness, lesbians holding deconstructionist black masses over copies of Derrida and so forth. This brings us back to the other big fear, about molestation of infants in day-care centers. A year ago I experienced an odd conflation of the two fears, having been invited to speak at Reed College on prospects for student action in the 1990s. The left in Portland tends to our definition of the P.C. side of the ledger, and not long before the date of my speech I got a call from one of the event's organizers saying there was an uproar about my analysis in these pages ["Beat the Devil," February 12, 1990] of the day-care hysteria that had landed several innocents in prison for child abuse for long periods. (The *Frontline* program expounds the torments of some of these poor teachers in compelling detail, as they face an upcoming trial.) I was told that I had been insufficiently sensitive to "the reality of ritual abuse," which was certainly true since, re day care, I denied its existence. So the Reed folk said I could no longer make a speech, though I could partake in a panel in which I would face my accusers and be given a chance to defend myself. This sounded a bit like Dionysus inviting King Pentheus for a jolly picnic, so I declined. I did end up in Portland that weekend and found what it was like to be deemed politically incorrect. Even an invitation to sit on a panel discussing the victory of UNO in the Nicaraguan elections, which had occurred only days earlier, was countermanded by David Linder and associates "because of the controversy."

As in other scares, P.C. becomes shorthand for many anxieties. We are nearing the point in the cyclical pattern of academic appointments at which some one-third of American professors will retire. Many of these, themselves tenured in the chill of the 1950s, see their values threatened by the younger cohort moving up in seniority. What could be simpler therefore than to detect and denounce the insidious menace of P.C. just as their forebears denounced the Red Menace forty years ago? And the P.C. horror is good soundbite politics, conflating every left cause imaginable, from Palestinian self-determination to vegetable rights, and justifying counterterror by the academic right, whose members have launched their own echo of the Vendée, swarming through the bookstore at Duke, calling for the removal of all books with Marx in the title.

There's an element of career opportunism involved too. Amid the *grand peur* all the usual suspects muster on the talk shows and Op-Ed pages—William Bennett, Roger Kimball, Donald Kagan. The younger right-wing high steppers, looking for preferment at the Heritage Foundation or on the editorial pages of *The Wall Street Journal*, lack issues. Communism is pretty much dead, and supply-side economics a shambles. The answer, as more than one high stepper like D'Souza has

(*Continued on Page 704*)

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Gonzalez vs. Kissinger's Associates

Last we left Henry Gonzalez, chair of the House Banking Committee, he was poking into the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro (B.N.L.) scandal and finding that various U.S. agencies were not cooperating with his investigation. The bank made at least $3 billion in unauthorized loans to Iraq before the war [see "Beltway Bandits," May 13]. In the course of his inquiry, Gonzalez has run headlong into the geofinancial gang led by Henry Kissinger.

Kissinger has been a paid adviser to Banca Nazionale, and Lawrence Eagleburger, onetime president of the consulting firm Kissinger Associates and now Deputy Secretary of State, was a godfather to a bank that had a substantial relationship with B.N.L. This bank, L.B.S., a subsidiary of a Yugoslav institution called Ljubljanska Banka, conducted at least 20 percent of its New York branch business with B.N.L.

Eagleburger was U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia in the 1970s. Later as a businessman he maintained ties to his old stomping grounds. He served as a director of L.B.S. from 1986 until 1989 and helped the bank and Global Motors, the distributor of Yugo cars, open shop in the United States.

While reviewing transactions of the U.S. Export-Import Bank, which provides credit guarantees to U.S. exporters, Gonzalez asked about Yugoslavia. He found that Ex-Im Bank's exposure in Yugoslavia exceeds $1 billion and that Yugoslavia may be receiving special treatment. What could account for this, Gonzalez speculates, is Eagleburger's friendship with John Macomber, the Ex-Im Bank president. Ex-Im Bank employees told Gonzalez's committee that the two speak often, sometimes regarding credits for Yugoslavia. Macomber asserts that he and his pal never discussed that subject. But he has refused to hand over bank documents on Yugoslavia. Gonzalez raises a serious point. Might Eagleburger's financial interests be affecting policy making?

Then there's the case of Brent Scowcroft, another former Kissinger Associate, who as National Security Adviser has a hand in determining policies on export controls. According to his last financial disclosure form, Scowcroft owns stock in forty companies that took advantage of the let's-trade-with-Iraq policy backed by the N.S.C. Several of these firms are also clients of Kissinger Associates.

Gonzalez is tugging at the threads of corporate geopolitics, a realm dominated by the Kissinger crowd. Gonzalez has written Bush that he is "deeply concerned" about the influence Kissinger may exert over his former lieutenants and "especially troubled" by Scowcroft's ability to set policy that affects his portfolio. This is a more significant concern than John Sununu's frequent flying.

■ The More Things Change

Last month Senator Jim Sasser, who chairs the Budget Committee, spoke on the Senate floor in favor of a measure introduced by Paul Simon to cut 2 percent from the military budget. Sasser and Simon argue that the current budget of $291 billion is absurd, amounting to $55 billion more in real terms than the average peacetime military budget during the cold war. Sasser gleefully quoted Gen. Colin Powell—"I'm running out of demons"—and said that it was not necessary to spend so much to ward off a collapsing Soviet Union.

Wait a minute, protested John Warner, the ranking Republican on the Senate Armed Services Committee. It is precisely because the Soviet Union is in decline that huge budgets have to be maintained. The United States, he declared, cannot "lessen its defenses" against the "Soviet threat." Since it is tougher to predict the moves of the Soviet Union today than eight years ago, military diligence must be preserved. And Warner—shades of 1980—issued a dire pronouncement: "This country . . . is on the brink of reopening the window of vulnerability." So when the Soviet Union was a powerful, coherent dictatorship, the United States needed to spend at a historic level to counter the threat; now that the Soviet Union has lost hold of its satellites and is moving haltingly toward a state of some democracy and reform, the United States still needs to spend at a historic level to counter the threat. Simon's proposal failed, attracting only thirty votes.

■ D'Amato's Flash

"We really suffered a twofold blow in these recent days. Maybe it gives us a sense of renewed purpose and better balance as it relates to what is life all about when we see these tragedies that take place and we begin to understand how fragile and how thin that line is that separates us, and the fact that it can be over in a flash." These musings poured out of Senator Alfonse D'Amato at a recent hearing. He was not referring to the segments on *60 Minutes* and *Primetime Live* that brought his slimy antics to the attention of millions. (*60 Minutes* left on the editing-room floor the charge that on a trip to Puerto Rico, D'Amato had his hotel bill and gambling debts picked up by contractors who hoped he could help them obtain federal housing funds.) No, D'Amato was alluding to the deaths of Senator John Heinz and former Senator John Tower. But his thoughts on the precariousness of senatorial life are well founded.

D'Amato is on the run. He is being probed by both a federal grand jury and the Senate Ethics Committee. The allegations that he used his influence to reward his campaign contributors and those who hired his brother Armand, an attorney, have earned much notice. Less publicized are the reports that lobbyists are turned away from D'Amato's office with the reminder that their firms did not financially support the Senator's campaign. This type of blackmail probably occurs several hundred times a day on Capitol Hill, though usually in more subtle forms. D'Amato has earned a reputation for shakedowns that may be blatant enough to violate the loose laws governing Congress. This matter demands particular scrutiny from the Ethics Committee, for it strikes at the workaday corruption of the political system. But that's why committee members may be reluctant to handle it. Better to stick to HUDscam stuff, where D'Amato really outdid his peers, and leave the more pervasive sleaze alone.

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ARTICLES.

MINERS' HOPES DEFERRED

Labor Pains in The Soviet Union

LEWIS H. SIEGELBAUM

Moscow

The headquarters of the strike that has closed many of this country's mines for the past two months is a room in the Hotel Rossiya, literally within a stone's throw of Red Square. The room is occupied by delegates from the interregional strike (*a k a* workers') committees. They come in and out, stopping long enough to smoke a few cigarettes, drink a cup of tea and exchange the latest information. This is a postmodern strike. In between arguments about whether the comrades can hold out until the Russian presidential election in June, they ask my advice about what kind of page scanners and TV monitors to order for the computers they have somehow obtained.

Among the room's occupants is Yuri Boldyrev, a Donetsk miner who nearly two years ago was catapulted into a leading position in that city's strike committee [see Siegelbaum, "Behind the Soviet Miners' Strike," October 23, 1989]. Boldyrev has known the ups and downs of political notoriety. In the aftermath of the July 1989 strike, he waged an ultimately unsuccessful battle to unseat his mine's director. At that time, when the miners conceived of their struggle in essentially economic terms, Boldyrev was one of the few with a political orientation. For him, asking the government for more food supplies and higher wages was secondary to the appropriation of the enterprises in which the miners toiled as serfs of the Ministry of Coal. But the failure of the government to fulfill its promises—or rather, the fact that the August 1989 agreement was overtaken by new shortages and, more recently, by inflation—succeeded in politicizing the miners. This was the case first in Vorkuta in the far north, then in the Kuzbas in Siberia and finally in the Donbas in the Ukraine.

This past March 1, eighteen mines in the Donbas began what was termed a warning strike. But in Vorkuta, the Kuzbas, and other mining areas the strike was a signal to go for broke. Within two weeks, some 140 mines were shut down and the chief demand had become the resignation of Mikhail Gorbachev and the dissolution of the Supreme Soviet pending new, more democratic elections. Meanwhile, Boldyrev had regained the support of the miners who had elected him to the Donbas regional strike committee. It was this committee that sent him to Moscow.

"We were naïve," he says, referring to the 1989 strike committee. "Those who were elected then were able to distinguish reliable from unreliable people on the basis of their experience in the mines. But when it came to dealing with ministerial officials and other plenipotentiaries from the Center [central government], they were taken in by demagogy and deceit."

Demagogy and deceit fairly well sum up the state of Soviet political discourse at the moment. *Pravda* accuses the miners' leadership of demagogy; the strike committees claim they were deceived by Gorbachev. They are not alone. Since the appointment last year of Valentin Pavlov as Prime Minister, the credibility of the Soviet government has plummeted. The recall of large-denomination notes earlier this year and the lame excuse offered by Pavlov, who claimed Western capital was plotting to destroy the Soviet Union's financial structure, provoked outrage and bewilderment. The price increases imposed by Pavlov on April 2, which were as high as 300 percent, plus the disastrously named "presidential tax" of 5 percent, added fuel to the flames of discontent. Whether those shock-therapy measures will succeed in closing the gap between the heavily subsidized state sector and the free market is almost beside the point. There is a profound lack of trust in the doctor administering the treatment.

In April, as the Center foundered, social protest and initiatives by republican governments fed on one another. Boris Yeltsin asked for and received enhanced powers from the Russian Congress of People's Deputies; Pavlov reached an agreement with handpicked "representatives" of the mining industry only to have it rejected by the regional strike committees and the Independent Miners' Union, with which the strike committees are closely affiliated; the Georgian Parliament declared that republic's independence; and in Minsk, workers organized a general strike to press for the sovereignty of the Belorussian Republic. In the meantime, the miners' strike committees continued to plot strategy, forging links with other social and par-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCES JETTER

Lewis H. Siegelbaum, a professor of history at Michigan State University, is on sabbatical in Moscow.

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liamentary groups in preparation for a series of actions that was to culminate in an all-Union walkout on April 26.

"The workers' committees are the last hope of the people." This is not Boldyrev speaking but Igor Zorkin, a delegate from Novokuznetsk (Kuzbas), whose handshake nearly knocks me over. "We are supported by the intelligentsia—teachers, doctors, engineers. We see to the needs of pensioners, too," he says in the deliberate manner of one unaccustomed to speaking with foreigners. And what about the steelworkers, whose voices have been noticeably absent from those supporting the miners? Zorkin claims that the steelworkers are with the miners and that in Novokuznetsk they have contributed money to the strike fund. Still, it is unclear which way the steelworkers and others dependent on coal supplies will go—whether they will be persuaded that the miners' cause is their own, or whether the government can convince them that the miners' strike is unnecessary and a hindrance to the government's own anticrisis program.

At the moment, Yeltsin needs the Russian miners as much as they need him.

What, after all, is the miners' cause? "We just want to live better," says a strike committee leader in the documentary film *Perestroika From Below* (Past Time Productions). That was nearly two years ago. At that time, the most ambitious of the miners' demands was a radical restructuring of their industry. Since then, they have learned the hard way that such restructuring is impossible without fundamental political change; hence, the demands in the current strike for political decentralization and the "departization" of the police and army. Tactical considerations also are involved here. Having failed to get a fair shake from the Center, the miners in the Russian Republic have pinned their hopes on Yeltsin and the Russian Democrats, while those from the Donbas have made common cause with the Ukrainian independence movement, Rukh.

The kind of deal that can be expected from those quarters is also uncertain, but it probably includes a large dose of privatization. That might be abhorrent to the Western left, but not to Soviet miners. Even (or especially?) among leading activists there is a magic aura to private ownership. As Yevgeny Zykov told me, sitting at a desk in the Independent Miners' Union executive office, "We want a capitalist Russia." It turns out, though, that this "capitalist Russia" would contain features hard to find in any actually existing capitalist country: social justice, self-management, a sense of proprietorship among producers. This is a big contradiction, one that perhaps only dialecticians can fully appreciate. That which officially has been called socialism—but which Boldyrev shrewdly dubs ministerial feudalism—has discredited the very concept of a socialist society. Yet, in reaction to what "socialism" has brought, the miners want something approximating the socialist ideal, except they call it capitalism.

This is not the only contradiction. The mines of the Donbas are nearly worked out. To make them productive in a truly competitive environment would be prohibitively expensive or at least cause most miners to lose their jobs. The most productive mines in the Soviet Union are in the Kuzbas. But they are in the most lethally polluted area of the entire country. These different though universally depressing circumstances occasionally give rise to divisions among the miners' committees, to "local patriotism," as Boldyrev sadly acknowledges. Then there are the political coalitions that the miners have formed. At the moment, Yeltsin needs the Russian miners as much as they need him, and the same is true of Rukh and the miners of the Donbas. But that is only because they have a common enemy in the Center. As the opinion polls suggest, the public regards Yeltsin with only slightly less suspicion than Gorbachev. As for Rukh, its roots and heart lie in the western Ukraine, far from the Donbas.

The fragility of the political coalitions became apparent in late April. Shortly after returning from a state visit to Japan, Gorbachev—that Houdini of Soviet politics—announced an agreement between himself and nine republican presidents, including Yeltsin. Covering a broad range of issues, the agreement called for an end to political strikes, specifically the miners' strike, and "the introduction of a special regime of work in the basic branches of industry." The miners were stupefied. "Of course, this can be explained in various ways," a Kuzbas strike committee leader told a correspondent from *Nezavisimaia Gazeta*, a Moscow newspaper that had been covering the strike sympathetically. "But I think that Yeltsin has betrayed us." Eager to minimize the damage to his popularity, Yeltsin traveled to the Kuzbas coalfields, where he promised strike leaders that the mines would soon come under the jurisdictional control of the Russian Republic, as they did on May 6. Such legislation has also been prepared by the Ukrainian Supreme Soviet with respect to that republic's mines.

Meanwhile, the April 26 all-Union strike action, timed to coincide with the fifth anniversary of the Chernobyl disaster, proved to be far less impressive than strike leaders had predicted. As miners drifted back to work, the interregional delegates abandoned their room in the Hotel Rossiya. For the time being, the miners are working their shifts and coal is again being extracted. After all the demagogy and deceit, this May Day was hardly an occasion for celebration. □

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JEWS AND THE GULF WAR

The View From 'In Between'

ARTHUR WASKOW

Like many other antiwar Jews, I felt far more deeply riven by the Persian Gulf conflict than I did by the bigger and bloodier Vietnam War a generation ago. That is partly because I was much more sharply worried about the dangers to Israelis whom I actually know than I was about American soldiers and Vietnamese villagers whom I did not know; partly because I was much more conscious of some dangers that would have arisen from not going to war as well as the dangers that arose from going to war; and partly because I had deep disagreements over the war with some of my closest and most beloved co-workers.

But I think it was mostly because my own spiritual development in the past ten years has opened my heart—not merely my mind—to the pain of the Unity that is torn apart by war: the pain of all sides in this war, and the pain of the wounded planet. If you *daven* (pray) often enough with the sense that God's holy Name, "YHWH," should be pronounced by simply breathing, that God is not so much "Melech ha-Olam" (King of the World) as "Ruach ha-Olam," the very Breath of all life, you begin to feel yourself torn apart inside when the earth is torn apart outside. Thank God for such pain, which I now realize must accompany the joy of the traditional Jewish proclamation that God is One.

Some have said that the most Jewish place to be is always on the fringes, "in between." In that case, I was more at home than ever during the gulf crisis/war. I disagreed with the positions of the Bush Administration, most of the American antiwar movement, the official Jewish leadership in America and Israel, most Israeli doves and some American Jewish doves (more men than women).

I supported not only worldwide sanctions against Iraq but also the presence of U.S. troops in a defensive posture in the gulf and in Saudi Arabia. In those ways I disagreed not only with the left factions that called the January 19 march against the war but also with the much larger and more centrist January 26 coalition that insisted on the slogan, "Bring the Troops Home Now." My views were closest to the Congressional antiwar bloc (including a majority of the Jewish senators and members of the House), but unlike most of them I also urged that the United States press the United Nations Security Council to apply sanctions and a blockade against Iraq's possession or acquisition of nuclear, biological or chemical weapons. And I urged that such sanctions be applied to companies that have supplied weapons matériel or information to Iraq.

I thought, and still think, that sanctions, accompanied by an airtight embargo on oil sales by Iraq, which denied it any of the foreign currency it needed to trade on the world market, could have ended the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait and eliminated the danger of future Iraqi aggression. If they had not, the option of war would have remained. So would the option of "missile crisis" diplomacy—that is, a combination of military deployment, sanctions and back-channel negotiations. Is it distasteful to use such a mixture with an aggressive fascist dictator? No more than with pre-de Klerk South Africa, or the pre-Gorbachev Soviet Union.

Unlike the Bush Administration and most of the official Jewish leadership, I feared that going to war would create a deeper disaster for the Iraqi people than for their government—and deeper dangers for Israel, America and the world than would pressing the sanctions for a much longer time. Some of those fears were borne out.

First, my fears for the Iraqi people: Tens of thousands are dead, perhaps many more are still to die, and withal the cruel Saddam Hussein is still in power.

My fears for Israel? Although it had not been attacked before the war began, it was terrorized after. The rage and fear dividing Israelis and Palestinians became even more poisonous. Anti-Israel sentiment, which had been dormant in North Africa, India and other areas, rose after the war began.

Dangers to America? Anti-Jewish and anti-Arab feeling rose. The technomilitary option was seen as a success—indeed, the only one around, in an America where the schools, the cities, the bridges, the subways, the health care system, the families, the culture, the economy don't work. The glitter on the neo-imperial presidency further weakened efforts to focus on social and environmental repair.

The world as a whole? The air and water of the gulf region, which had not been poisoned before January 15, were poisoned afterward. Not even now can we comprehend how deep these disasters are.

On the other hand, some of my worst fears did not materialize. I expected the ground war to be much longer and more destructive to American and Western lives as well as to Iraq. Its brevity short-circuited worse anti-Israel feeling in the Middle East and worse anti-Jewish and anti-Arab feeling in America. The physical damage to Israel was less than I feared.

Yet I think the greatest long-range danger to Israel remains. The rage of Islam and Arabs against their vulnerability to overwhelming Western power will be taken out on Israel. This is a rage that governments ultimately cannot contain. There are some in Israel who believe that sufficient Israeli toughness can forever control and break such rage. There may even be some Israelis who think their own special political agendas will be served by that anger. But I see such hostility as a terrible long-term threat to Israel's safety. The other dangers I see are that Syria may simply replace Iraq as the best-armed anti-Israel dictatorship in the Middle East, but now with more Western chits to cash than Iraq had; and that the most hawkish elements of Israel will feel confirmed by the hawkishness of most Palestinians and the military success of the war.

I think there may be some important lessons for everyone—not only Jews—in *why* and *how* Jews like me find ourselves "in between."

First, I was not at all surprised to find myself disagreeing

Arthur Waskow is director of The Shalom Center, which is based in Philadelphia.

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with the Bush Administration. Its post-cease-fire policy toward the Emir of Kuwait's repression of democratic energies (a shrug) and toward Saddam's repression of Kurds and Shiites (another shrug) made it very clear that the U.S. government's strongest interest was not in democracy, human rights, international law or the prevention of future aggression. Rather, it was in reasserting the importance of U.S. military might (especially after the end of the cold war called that into question), re-establishing the balance of power in the gulf (even Saddam's power, as a counterweight to Iran's), strengthening the world oil empire and threatening any other Third World country that might get uppity.

Second, I was not very surprised, though quite distressed, to find myself disagreeing with much of the antiwar movement. The left factions that called the January 19 antiwar march still seem to have a wistful notion that any enemy of American capitalism must be a good guy. They did not want to see that Saddam's Baath Arab Socialist Party was no more "socialist" than Germany's National Socialist Party was in the 1930s. Nor, in their hostility to the world corporate oil empire, could they see merit in the fear that a one-man takeover or destruction of that empire would have created not a democratic global energy policy but disastrous economic depressions and famines.

Still other antiwar people supported sanctions against Saddam but were not willing to back them up with any U.S. naval and ground forces. At least that is what they signaled when they insisted, "Bring the Troops Home Now." Sanctions would probably never have been put in place had the United States not responded so quickly, and they almost certainly would have been totally ineffective without the naval blockade and a defensive army.

Perhaps most distressing of all to me and other antiwar Jews was that some in the major antiwar groups were so one-dimensionally committed to support of the Palestinian struggle for self-determination that they were unable to feel any empathy for Israel at the same time, even when its civilians came under fire from Iraq.

On Martin Luther King Day, just a few days after the first Scud attacks on Tel Aviv, I spoke at a long-scheduled rally/vigil near Philadelphia. Speakers before me had urged empathy with the U.S. soldiers in the gulf and with their families. I described how a group of antiwar Jews who had come together on the night of January 17 to plan their next antiwar action were severely shaken by the Scud attacks, and how the meeting became a gathering of tears, prayers and telephone calls to friends and family in Israel. "Many American Jews have 'nonsoldier family' under fire near the gulf," I said, "and we can't even 'bring them home' because they are already home. Can you have the same empathy for them and for us as you do for U.S. soldiers and their families, who are after all actually carrying out the war we oppose?" From all but one person, I got blank stares.

Others got worse than blank stares. Most of those antiwar Jews for whom their Jewishness was an important part of their identity did not take part in the January 26 march because of its call to "Bring the Troops Home Now." New Jewish Agenda refused to co-sponsor the march or endorse its slogans, deciding instead to create an independent Jewish contingent with its own slogans, including signs urging that we "Support Israel by Making Peace." But some Jews who carried such signs outside the Jewish contingent were hissed and booed and felt unsafe in the midst of non-Jewish marchers.

For these reasons, The Shalom Center—an eight-year-old network of Jews that had focused on the nuclear arms race and was beginning to address the dangers of global warming and explore how to move from the cold war to "one earth"—found itself organizing, locally and nationally, an independent Jewish peace movement. It coordinated an Emergency Jewish Peace Coalition, which gathered under the Capitol dome the day after the January 26 march—on Sunday rather than Shabbat, the Jewish Sabbath—to call for a communal fast to mourn the calamity of war and to call for teach-ins and speak-outs to explore how to end the war without endangering Israel.

Our call for a fast drew on an ancient and awesome ritual described in the Talmud 2,000 years ago and probably going back even 500 years before that: draping the Torah Scroll in sackcloth and ashes, marking ashes on the foreheads of participants, blowing the shofar (ram's horn) seven times, reading passages from Psalms and the Prophets and modern Jewish poetry.

Even calling for an exploration of what to do, rather than for a specific policy, was a Jewish way of being "in between." Some viewed this as an unpolitical act, but I think that in time of war, when a President is so sure he knows what to do that he is prepared to kill 100,000 people, and when the antiwar organizers think they also know exactly what to do (albeit less bloodily), it may be the most political act of all to say, in public, "We are not sure. We do not know. Stop. Think. Study. Pray. Fast." As the ancient rabbis said, "Which is greater, study or action? Study—when it leads to action."

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As we worked to organize these fasts and teach-ins, I found myself "in the middle" in another way. Half a dozen or so progressive Jews said to me that "as Americans" they would have opposed the war because it would hurt America and the world, but that "as Jews" they supported it. What bothered me about this? Not fears of "dual loyalty," for I strongly believe that the more seriously Jews take their Jewish commitment, the more often they should and will find themselves deeply opposing any government, whether Soviet, American or for that matter Jewish. Nor was it that for the State of Israel's sake they were supporting a war that for America's sake they would have opposed. This too—though I thought it a misjudgment of Israel's best interests—I understood, for it might sometimes happen that different aspects of being Jewish tug in different directions. But to define the concern for Israel as Jewish and the concern for America as not—that distressed me.

It was exactly for Jewish reasons of seeking a healthy America as well as a healthy Israel and a healthy planet that I opposed the American government's decision to go to war, just as it was for Jewish reasons that I supported the sanctions, the blockade and the troops' presence. In this situation, I felt spoken for by three biblical passages: "Seek the shalom [peace] of the city where I scatter you" (Jeremiah 29:7), alongside "Pray for the shalom of Jerusalem" (Psalms 122:6) and "Seek shalom and pursue it" throughout the world (Psalms 34:14).

So what happened to our newborn independent Jewish peace movement? By the time most of our fasts and teach-ins were held, in mid-February, the war was almost over, at least in its first incarnation. But the issues remain. Can American Jews who are committed to peace, many of whom felt torn by their disagreements about this war, work together in a way that honors all three of these Jewish obligations—that is, to seek peace for America, for Israel and for the planet? What to do?

(1) We can press for policy changes that greatly reduce America's and the world's dependence on oil and that diminish the danger of global warming—beginning with steps like The Shalom Center's suggestion that one day a month we not use gasoline and instead spend that day to raise the issue publicly.

Imagine thousands of us gathering on "Gasofast" day to point the finger at institutions that fuel our oil addiction. We could then use alternative means of transportation—walking, bicycles, subways—to support institutions that could help us end our dependence on oil. Or imagine individuals choosing the date of their own birthdays as not only their own "Gasofast" day but also the day to write a senator, have lunch with a City Council member, an auto workers union leader, a newspaper editor.

(2) We can press hard to bar weapons of mass destruction from the whole Middle East through an enforceable regional treaty, and to achieve a multilateral ban on the transfer of weapons to any country in the Middle East.

(3) We can speak more urgently than ever to the official Jewish leadership, to the general American body politic and to the antiwar community, urging the importance of both Israeli security and Palestinian self-determination, explaining that both peoples feel like tiny David facing the giant Goliath. We should press all the Arab states to make peace with Israel and insist that Israel and a demilitarized Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza make peace with each other.

And perhaps we can pursue a dream, even though, or because, it may sound like Isaiah at his most messianic: that a U.N.-sponsored Environmental Defense Force, including Israeli, Kuwaiti, Saudi, Iraqi, Iranian, Egyptian, Syrian, Jordanian and Palestinian units, work together to clean up the Persian Gulf and extinguish the burning oil wells. □

AFTER TEN YEARS' STRUGGLE

Lessons of El Salvador

SARA MILES

News of the negotiations between the Salvadoran government and the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front arrives like a coded letter, the paper stained from too much travel, the hand crabbed and hard to read. Some of the news was a great deal better than expected; some was less than had been needed. Even as Roberto d'Aubuisson, the strongman of the Arena Party, formally welcomed Rubén Zamora, representative of the country's surviving left, into the National Assembly, the unofficial language of black-bordered threats began to appear in San Salvador newspapers. Yet so did other voices unheard for years; very, very carefully a feeling of enormous hope began to work its way to the surface.

As always, the meaning of the news and its cost can be evaluated only by the people who will have to pay for it with their own blood. But as the talking dissipates into the foul spring skies over Mexico City, those of us in the United States who have worked with El Salvador are also thinking about what the past ten years have meant, and what their impact has been on our movement here.

In the past decade there has been a great deal of talk about *el pueblo*. How it will inevitably win, how it is not afraid of the imperialists, and how, united, it will never be defeated. This talk has come mostly from Salvadoran militants, but also from those of us in the United States who have wanted to believe in a mythic, romantic "people" instead of the sulky teenagers and fat, sharp-tongued women and clever, dishonest men of the struggle—the real Salvadorans who are the heroes of this past ten years, the ones from whom we may yet learn what victory and hope mean. These real people's lives have great humor, great vengefulness, great intelligence and honor and anger. These people, with all of their very human flaws, found a way, often with faith and sometimes with terrifying cynicism, to move forward.

What does "forward" mean in El Salvador now, in 1991, at the end of the twentieth century, in a very small country

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on the periphery of a world turned upside down? Maybe not, after all, God's Kingdom, with the meek finally inheriting. Maybe not the "final victory," with red flags snapping in the sunshine. Maybe not even justice, in the way it deserves to be meant after so much blood and so much loss. But forward to a nation, and a people a little less ground down by it. Forward to standing up, maybe still a little afraid but not desperately afraid, maybe still hungry but not desperately hungry, with a little dignity sprinkled on the tortillas and salt, and the fine white bread of the rich made a little harder to swallow.

What does it mean for us in the United States, who thought we were somehow exempt from history, who thought we were fighting to save someone else's life? A few of us were killed, which wasn't the point. More of us cried, which was generally pointless. Most of us lived very far away both from El Salvador and from our own people.

There were women who willed themselves blind, looking out the windows of their cold northern apartments and seeing only the hills of Chalatenango, impossibly green. There were men who fell asleep on the floor in American cities to the sounds of fake folkloric music, while the Central Americans they dreamed of walked through the marketplace in San Salvador, swaying to Michael Jackson. We mastered the baroque intricacies of half a dozen Salvadoran political parties, and didn't know the name of a single person on our local school boards.

And yet the last decade taught many of us who worked with El Salvador a great deal. Some of it was practical, the tiresome, nourishing lessons of organizing that get learned again and again in a lifetime: Always pay the printer, never talk to the cops, get a bulk-mail permit, be patient. Some of it was frightening: Looking so long at the terror in El Salvador, we began to believe in real evil.

Our movement never learned enough to stop that evil, but we learned something about how power works. We had to recognize how weak we were. Our enemies had armies and air forces and intelligence services; they had the State Department's Office of Public Diplomacy; they had well-intentioned liberals and corrupt killers; they had the banks. But the powerful decided that what they needed to win this war was the only thing we had: our American hearts and minds. We tried to hold on to those, to keep them from breaking.

El Salvador meant learning, even when it did break our hearts, about our own *pueblo*. We saw Salvadorans in conflicted exile in Chicago, Los Angeles or Queens drag out a battered tape deck and play, over and over, at the beginning of each political meeting or each Friday night church-hall dance, the same scratched tape of their national anthem. We walked through Midwestern shopping malls and the wounded downtowns of big Northeastern cities and into Western restaurants full of quarreling American families, and thought about what it might mean if we could love our country too.

There were lessons about what solidarity can do across borders: How in the sickest moment of grief, a campesino who found his sister's corpse would speak to foreign visitors because he wanted news of this one wasted body sent to people who, helpless as most of us habitually felt, had more power than he did. His demand was dignified and insistent as he laid the gift of his knowledge, bleeding, in our hands. In return, some of us learned to use our privileges, and not to feel sorry for ourselves for having them.

El Salvador meant lessons many of us stayed oblivious to for years. There was the destructiveness of sectarianism. Some stumbled big and blond and foolish into its quicksand; others, purposefully bitter, dealt in intrigue until it poisoned our own homes. Some of us made terrible mistakes, errors that would have cost lives in another country, that perhaps *did* cost lives in another country.

Even when we were right, most of us doubted ourselves and kept looking for outside leaders. We didn't doubt the leaders nearly enough, and succumbed to the numbing literal-mindedness of discipline and the delusion that thinking for ourselves was counterrevolutionary. A few of us got too angry to think at all. Others learned about the importance of keeping balance, of sustaining lives that were both political and human, although a few had to leave El Salvador work to do it.

It was a long ten years. Some of us believed in God, some of us had political parties and the rest of us had a lot of hard, hard nights. We learned about the value and ugliness of armed struggle, about how quickly political change can happen, and how very long it really takes.

What has El Salvador meant? Great sacrifice. Great suffering. The past ten years have meant unimaginable numbers of people unimaginably dead, the mornings and afternoons still going on without them, the smell of charcoal and flowers still pungent in the streets and their voices gone forever. Maybe a few of us here have learned the beginnings of that hardest lesson of all for North Americans: humility.

After a decade, there is the making of peace, a peace not

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glorious but stitched together with compromise and *Realpolitik* over the bones of *el pueblo*. There is the war. El Salvador means the war will not ever, really, be over.

El Salvador means very little romance; it means great, great love. □

CONSTITUTIONAL PRACTICE

On the Origins Of Privacy

MELVIN L. WULF

Although *Roe v. Wade* still survives, its critics continue their unceasing attacks against the abortion-rights decision in the hope of persuading the conservative majority on the Supreme Court to overturn it. The main target for conservative academics and lawyers is the right of privacy, which is the decision's constitutional foundation. Typical of their criticism was a *New York Times* Op-Ed article some months ago by Robert Bork, who accused the Court of having plucked the right of privacy out of thin air in the 1965 case *Griswold v. Connecticut*, and of creating a "new, free-floating, undefined right." This was "legislation from the bench," he wrote. *Griswold* held unconstitutional a Connecticut statute that prohibited couples from using contraceptives and also prohibited physicians from prescribing them.

As the lawyer who first submitted the notion of a modern constitutional right of privacy to the Supreme Court, I propose to show that, contrary to Bork's accusations, the process by which the Court adopted that right was intellectually and jurisprudentially scrupulous.

In 1960, I was the junior lawyer on the two-man legal staff of the American Civil Liberties Union. The Supreme Court had agreed to review a case named *Poe v. Ullman*, which challenged the constitutionality of the same Connecticut statute ultimately struck down in the *Griswold* decision. I nominated myself to write the A.C.L.U.'s amicus curiae brief.

Poe v. Ullman was a case that had been organized and sponsored by Planned Parenthood. The four plaintiffs were a married couple, a married woman, and an obstetrician. The wife of the couple had had three consecutive pregnancies, all of which terminated in infants with multiple congenital abnormalities. The married woman had suffered from a variety of serious medical problems, and if she became pregnant her death was deemed inevitable. The Connecticut law was a serious invasion of the plaintiffs' right to enjoy sexual activity. Neither of the women wanted to run the risk of pregnancy, but at the same time they did not want to give up their sexual life. They could enjoy sex without the threat of pregnancy only if they could use contraceptives. The obstetrician, Dr. C. Lee Buxton, asserted that the anticontraceptive law interfered with his right to practice his profession.

The law's direct interference with the women's right to engage in safe sexual activity was a distinctive and profound invasion by the state into a decision that should belong to individuals alone. The Connecticut law directly interfered with that private decision.

Since both the plaintiffs' brief and Planned Parenthood's amicus brief concentrated on Dr. Buxton's right to practice his profession without arbitrary government interference, the privacy argument was an appropriate issue for the A.C.L.U.'s amicus brief. Too often amicus briefs just agree with other briefs filed in a case and are useless to the Court. Here was an opportunity to say something different and useful. The question was how to transform my view of the case into constitutional doctrine.

The way of constitutional litigation, like all other litigation, is to tread a path already worn, insofar as that is possible. Judges dislike breaking entirely new ground. If they are considering adopting a novel principle, they prefer to rest their decision on earlier law if they can, and to show that the present case involves merely an incremental change, not a wholesale break with the past. Constitutional litigators are forever trying to persuade courts that the result they are seeking would be just a short step from some other case whose decision rests soundly on ancient precedent.

Since the issue of sexual privacy had not been raised in any earlier case, we employed the familiar technique of argument by analogy: If there is no exact counterpart to the particular case before the Court, there are others that resemble it in a general sort of way, and the principles applied in the similar cases should also be applied—perhaps even extended a little bit—to the new case.

In developing the argument, I first went to the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated . . ." Since the Fourth Amendment obviously protects privacy, we see right at the outset the falsity of Bork's argument that the modern Supreme Court invented that right. The men who drafted the Constitution considered protection of privacy important enough for a separate provision in the Bill of Rights. Arbitrary searches were one of the principal grievances that led to the Revolution. The importance of privacy as a principle protected by the Constitution was highlighted in a 1949 case, *Wolf v. Colorado*, in which the Supreme Court said that it "is at the core of the Fourth Amendment—[and] is basic to a free society." Although the Fourth Amendment and the Court in *Wolf* refer specifically to police intrusions, the underlying privacy principle served our purpose as well.

Our brief opened with a reference to the *Wolf* decision. It then quoted a famous passage by Justice Louis Brandeis in a 1928 case, *Olmstead v. United States*, in which he proclaimed that the makers of the Constitution "conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone," which he described as "the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

Having placed the notion of privacy in a settled historical

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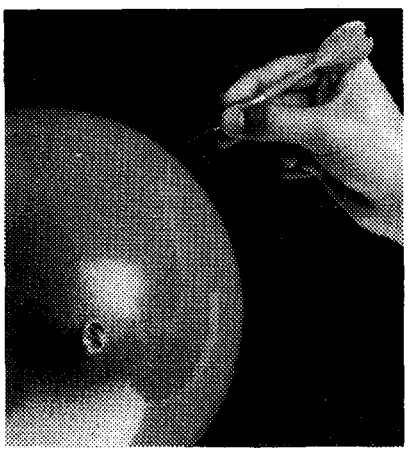

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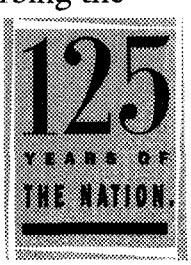

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and constitutional context, the brief announced that it was striking out into somewhat new territory, conceding that the Court "has not had the occasion to consider a case raising the question of the extent of the right to privacy in circumstances which touch the marrow of human behavior as presented in this case."

My instinct was to be cautious and conservative. Although A.C.L.U. lawyers in 1960 were thought to be slightly dangerous firebrands, I knew my place where the Supreme Court was concerned. The *Poe* case itself had deliberately been conceived as a conservative challenge on the part of married men and women asking only for the right to engage in licit conjugal sex. I emphasized the orthodoxy involved by referring to the plaintiffs' married status. I pointed out that the statute, by preventing "married couples" from using effective contraceptives, forced them to choose between sexual relations that would threaten the life and health of "the female spouse" and abstention from sex altogether. We included a footnote to a quotation by Justice Felix Frankfurter in commemorating Justice Learned Hand's fifty years on the bench. He said that Hand "has achieved the one thing in life that makes all the rest bearable—a happy marriage." It seemed a way to attract Frankfurter's interest and sympathy.

The due process clause up to 1960 had not been used to articulate a protectable right of privacy.

Having laid the conservative foundation, we argued that, apart from assuring minimum standards of child care and education, the government should not interfere in other aspects of marriage and family life, especially "sexual union, and the right to bear and raise a family." But the State of Connecticut, we said, "will tolerate sexual intercourse between spouses" only if the couples do not use contraceptives.

On the principle that it was necessary to tie the proposed expanded right of privacy to an established right, the brief drew on a 1952 Supreme Court case, *Rochin v. California*. That case arose when the police broke into the defendant's house, entered the bedroom, where Rochin was in bed with his wife, and tried unsuccessfully to extract some pills he had put into his mouth. Rochin was taken to a hospital, his stomach was pumped and capsules containing morphine were retrieved. The Court held that the search was illegal, saying that it violated "decencies of civilized conduct."

The brief segued from the facts of *Rochin* to the facts of *Poe*, suggested their parallelism, raised the specter of police breaking into a couple's bedroom to secure evidence of contraceptive use and asserted that, in this case, the plaintiffs "want legislators as well as policemen to stay out of their bedrooms." It seemed apt, even if obvious.

That analogy, however, was not going to be enough to establish an expanded right of privacy. It was necessary to establish an awareness of the Constitution's concern for family-oriented values. If we could show the Court that it had spoken previously to such values, we would enhance our privacy argument.

Two Supreme Court cases dealing with family-related subjects fit the bill. *Meyer v. Nebraska*, a 1923 case, involved a statute forbidding foreign languages from being taught in primary schools. *Pierce v. Society of Sisters*, a 1925 case, concerned a statute that required children between the ages of 8 and 16 to attend public schools only. The Supreme Court held both statutes unconstitutional. In *Meyer*, referring to the Fourteenth Amendment's due process clause, the Court said:

> Without doubt, it denotes not merely freedom from bodily restraint but also the right of the individual to contract, to engage in any of the common occupations of life, to acquire useful knowledge, to marry, establish a home and bring up children, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and generally, to enjoy those privileges long recognized at common law as essential to the orderly pursuit of happiness by free men.

In *Pierce* the Court said:

> We think it entirely plain that the Act of 1922 unreasonably interferes with the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the up-bringing and education of children under their control. . . . The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations.

Those excerpts lent themselves to a generality about the Court's attitude toward the protection of family values inherent in the Constitution.

It is important to note that the *Meyer* and *Pierce* decisions were not framed in terms of privacy rights as such. Their constitutional foundation was the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that no state may "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." The conservative Supreme Court of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had invoked the "property" reference of the clause to strike down progressive social legislation. In the 1920s and 1930s, however, the Court increasingly employed the due process clause as a way to enforce the provisions of the Bill of Rights against the states, requiring them as well as the federal government to grant their citizens fundamental civil liberties.

However else the due process clause may have been interpreted up to 1960, it had not been used explicitly to articulate a protectable right of privacy. But the language from *Meyer* and *Pierce* certainly lent itself to supporting a right-to-privacy concept in a family context. I drew the two threads together by asserting that *Meyer* and *Pierce* "sustain the conclusion that the law, to a large extent, regards marriage and the family as the ultimate repository of personal freedom, and that the power vested in husband and wife to conduct the affairs of their family free of state intervention is virtually plenary."

We filed our brief in October 1960. The case was argued in March 1961 and decided in June. The decision was no decision. A five-man majority held that the anticontraception statute was never enforced and that contraceptives could in

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fact be freely purchased in Connecticut. In the language of constitutional litigation, the case was not "justiciable." Frankfurter wrote the opinion. He was not seduced by my invocation of his testimonial to Learned Hand.

But the right-of-privacy argument caught the particular attention of Justice John Harlan. Harlan was a gentleman from New York City with impeccable establishment credentials, a conservative who in his years on the Court did little that was unpredictable. But he dissented from the majority decision in *Poe v. Ullman* and articulated for the first time a coherent constitutional right of privacy, drawing directly upon the concepts and cases proposed in the A.C.L.U. brief.

Before specifically addressing the idea of a constitutional right of privacy, Harlan explained his understanding of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment:

> Due process has not been reduced to any formula; its content cannot be determined by reference to any code. The best that can be said is that through the course of this Court's decisions it has represented the balance which our Nation, built upon the postulates of respect for the liberty of the individual, has struck between that liberty and the demands of organized society. . . . The balance of which I speak is the balance struck by this country, having regard to what history teaches are the traditions from which it developed as well as the traditions from which it broke. That tradition is a living thing. A decision of this Court which radically departs from it could not long survive, while a decision which builds on what has survived is likely to be sound.

That is as good a description of the life of the Constitution as there is in legal literature.

Having laid that jurisprudential foundation, Harlan then referred to both *Meyer v. Nebraska* and *Pierce v. Society of Sisters* to demonstrate that the Court had earlier protected the sort of personal family interests claimed by the plaintiffs in the *Poe* case. He then turned his attention to the Connecticut anticontraceptive statute.

He first identified the conflict between the parties: The plaintiffs asserted that the statute deprived them "of a substantial measure of liberty in carrying on the most intimate of all personal relationships . . . without any rational, justifying purpose"; the state asserted that "the availability of contraceptive materials tends to minimize 'the disastrous consequence of dissolute action,' that is fornication and adultery."

The plaintiffs' lawyers, in addition to arguing that the state could not interfere with a physician's professional judgment, had also argued the general desirability of contraceptive use by married couples. Harlan rejected that as a basis for his opinion, for he thought the principle was not completely free of dispute, thus paying his respects to the Catholic Church. Rejecting any argument based even inferentially on a moral principle that was not universally accepted, he chose instead to rest his decision on the constitutional principle that the state could not enforce its moral judgment "by intruding upon the most intimate details of the marital relation with the full power of the criminal law." It would require testimony "as to the mode and manner of the named couples' sexual relations." The Connecticut statute, he said, "allows the state to enquire into, prove and punish married people for the private use of their marital intimacy." That was the essence of Harlan's constitutional objection to the statute, what he called "the privacy of the home in its most basic sense."

Harlan acknowledged that the privacy invasion in *Poe* was different from the very tangible privacy protected by the Third and Fourth Amendments, which address actual physical in-

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trusions into one's home. But, he said, the privacy interest involved in *Poe* could be unprotected "only if due process . . . is limited to what is explicitly provided in the Constitution, divorced from the rational purposes, historical roots, and subsequent developments of the relevant provisions."

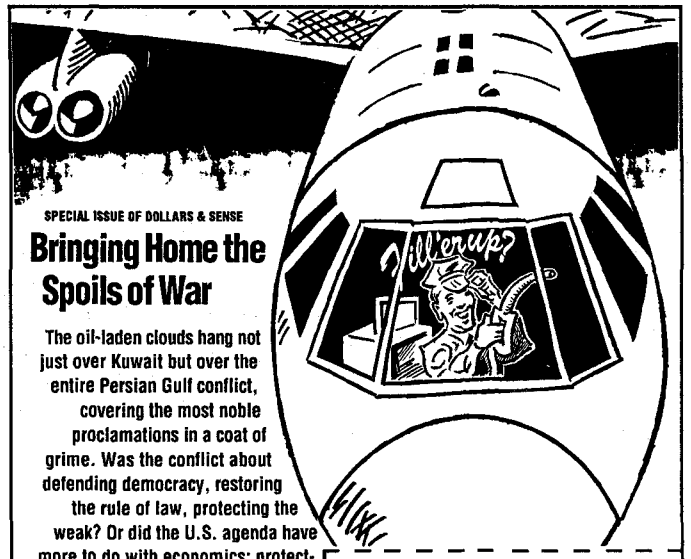
Expanding on that notion of a living Constitution, Harlan asserted that "the Constitution protects the privacy of the home against all unreasonable intrusions of whatever character," that here "we have not an intrusion into the home so much as the life which characteristically has its place in the home," and that "if the physical curtilage of the home is protected, it is surely as a result of solicitude to protect the privacies of the life within."

In that way, Justice Harlan first articulated a right of privacy that went beyond the literal terms of the Constitution. His privacy concept was persuasively connected to the actual language of the Constitution, though he did not fear to offend the literal language employed by the draftsmen, which reflected only the concepts, interests and concerns of their particular time and place. His opinion is in fact very limited, as emphasized by his remark that it was not to be taken to "suggest that adultery, homosexuality, fornication and incest are immune from criminal inquiry." Harlan was prepared to admit into his realm of sexual privacy only intercourse between husband and wife. Only Justice William O. Douglas agreed with Harlan in *Poe v. Ullman*.

Four years later, in *Griswold v. Connecticut*, the right of privacy was accepted as a constitutional principle by a 7-to-2 majority, and Douglas wrote the majority opinion. He drew upon Harlan's opinion in *Poe*, as did Justices Arthur Goldberg and Byron White in separate opinions. Harlan joined the majority, of course, but wrote his own separate opinion in which he admonished the two dissenters, Hugo Black and Potter Stewart, for accusing the majority of failing to exercise judicial "self-restraint." That, of course, is the totemic phrase used by Robert Bork and his allies to condemn liberal jurists. Harlan's answer should be the standard reply to every accusation that the Supreme Court's abortion opinion, *Roe v. Wade*, and other opinions that the right wing despises, are the work of activist, liberal, legislating judges:

> Judicial self-restraint . . . will be achieved . . . only by continual insistence upon respect for the teachings of history, solid recognition of the basic values that underlie our society, and wise appreciation of the great roles that the doctrines of federalism and separation of powers have played in establishing and preserving American freedoms.

Bork has himself constructed a narrow theory of constitutionalism that is not a product of pure reason, as he would like us to believe, but only a reflection of his own political predilections. He has made it sufficiently clear in his published writings that he has a weak attachment to the idea of democracy and to civil liberties. Between Louis XIV and the citizens of France, he supports the King. His rejection by the Senate for a seat on the Supreme Court has not yet convinced him that his constitutional attitudes are unacceptable to the American people. He might perhaps learn the lesson better by reading Justice Harlan in *Poe v. Ullman* once more, if he has read it a first time. □



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BEAT THE DEVIL.

(*Continued From Page 691*)

found, is race. So the enemies of P.C. can whack away at affirmative action, racial justice and civil rights while claiming as the President did last Saturday that they are speaking in the name of tolerance and free speech.

Race, the core of all the fuss, is no doubt why George Bush, on the edge of his 1992 campaign, has turned his attention to P.C., with Willie Horton's equivalent in '92 being "extremists" eroding Western values with their multiculturalism and contempt for Great Books (though Brendan Gill was once at Bush's place in Kennebunkport and, insomniac, tried to find something to read, discovering after investigation of the entire mansion only *The Fart Book*).

Who knows, perhaps the imminence of the fifth centenary of Columbus's voyage will continue to promote the anxieties so apparent in that comment book at "The West As America" exhibition. "Good grief! What should be celebrated here are the great achievements and collective glory that spurred the settlement of the West. The paintings tell this story. The commentary is forced and has no relation to the paintings. Merely a polemical tool for those who wish to stir dissension and hate. American art should never be a handmaiden to political propaganda." And near to this, "Columbus' vision of genocide continues today. P.S. Custer had it coming to him. Free Leonard Peltier!"

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Tongue-Tying in Israel

JOHN LEONARD

THE SMILE OF THE LAMB. *By David Grossman. Translated by Betsy Rosenberg. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 325 pp. $19.95.*

I'm as late getting to this novel as Irving Howe was in *The New Republic*. And since Howe, ordinarily so generous and shrewd, chose on this occasion to be so dismissive and oblique, as if those of us who admire David Grossman somehow indulge a hidden agenda, I promise there's nothing up my sleeve except the usual elbow, or left wing.

Grossman, the 37-year-old Israeli troublemaker and magician, has shown up backward in this country. In order, in Hebrew: In 1983 he published his remarkable first novel, *The Smile of the Lamb*, about the occupation of the West Bank. ("It's as if some tormented Russian playwright cast us, of all people, in the role of conquerors and murderers . . . and the gun in Act One of our historic pageant about, say, the pioneering period a hundred years ago is now shooting at us, and we hear the curtain going down, but no applause.") In 1986 came his astonishing *matryoshka* doll of a "Holocaust" novel, *See Under: Love*, from which Chagalls took wing: dead souls, black gloves, phantom brides, violins. ("We must never for a single moment forget to have mercy, because otherwise we're no better than 'they' are, may their names be blotted out.") And in 1987, in *The Yellow Wind*, he went as a reporter to the West Bank and Gaza, to talk not only to Palestinians but Israeli settlers, too. ("The impresarios of history are beyond my understanding. They amuse themselves, I feel, with overly large toys, and the game may come down on all our heads. For instance, the game called 'Blow Up the Dome of the Rock and Wait One Turn for the Arab World's Reaction.' . . . These are historical people, and historical people become—at certain moments—hollow and allow history to stuff them, and then they are dangerous and deadly.")

In this country, in English, we got *The Yellow Wind* first, in 1988, followed by *See Under: Love* in 1989, and now *The Smile of the Lamb*. I bother with this chronology so that we can see Grossman clearly. He was worried about what Israel looked like in its shaving mirror, before the invasion of Lebanon. He more or less predicted something like the *intifada* before it surprised everyone else, including Arafat; and he understands it in terms surprisingly reminiscent of Frantz Fanon. Almost alone among the Peace Now writers on what remains of the Israeli left, he declined this winter to jump on the Gulf War/Snuff Saddam bandwagon. Like a high-hurdler hounding after his own soul, in book after book he puts on moral muscle tone. By process of ever more passionate empathetic identifications with the Arab Other, he seethes with scruple. As late as March—in spite of Palestinian cheers for Iraqi Scuds; in spite of "smart" bombs and Pac Man briefings from the Pentagon columbarium; in spite of gee-whiz techno-blab from the Hertz rent-a-generals in their network glitterdomes—there he was, in an interview with Bill McLaughlin on *CBS Sunday Morning*, still insisting: "You do not make peace with a nice enemy. You do not even make peace with a reasonable enemy. You make peace with an enemy. Our mission is not to educate the Palestinians. Our mission is to create stability in the area for *our* sake. . . . I think this could be achieved only if we listen to the Palestinian suffering and misery."

Like a high-hurdler hounding after his own soul, in book after book Grossman puts on moral muscle tone.

Let us see where he began, to get so far alone.

Of the four voices who tell us alternating stories in *The Smile of the Lamb*, three belong to characters who would be comfortable in any serious European novel. Uri, the smiling lamb himself, is an idealistic young Sephardic Jew who hopes to bring hospitals and electricity to an Arab village on the West Bank in 1972. Katzman, a Polish survivor of the Holocaust, is the military commander of this zone of the occupied territories; he brought Uri into his service, ostensibly to help do "justice" but in fact to "contaminate" Uri with Katzman's own cynicism and hopelessness. Shosh, an unorthodox psychotherapist working with juvenile delinquents in Tel Aviv, may be married to Uri but she's sleeping secretly with Katzman. While the Israeli military demolishes houses so that arrested Palestinians will have no place to come home to, cut down trees to eliminate snipers' nests, put on the thick skin and the uniforms of the bully, Katzman, Shosh and Uri talk a lot, to themselves and to each other, about their motives and illusions. My, how they talk, with theories on everything, as though on loan from Malraux or Camus, tending to the oracular.

Katzman thinks of consciousness as "a kind of sponge that can absorb the most voluminous fictions and intricate lies, and then wring them out again as fresh truth." He thinks of justice not as a social or ethical convention but as "a hormone secreted at varying levels of intensity. Something a sensitive brain produces as a response to injustice, the way it does in response to sexual stimuli." He believes Uri to be "one of those holy fools . . . rash enough to let the world filter through to him"; can anyone so vulnerable survive in "this disaster area"?

Shosh spends a good portion of her time, when she isn't engaged with her delinquents in a "love" therapy that's part Trojan horse and part Stanislavsky method, theorizing into her tape recorder: "The human inclination to deceive will use anything, even love, as a lethal weapon." And: "The pretty names we give emotions are like the names that sailors give approaching typhoons in the vain hope of appeasing them, of making them easier to understand." To Uri, she lays down "the law of indemnity for dreams and fantasies," and accuses him of being a "do-gooder" only because he doesn't "have the guts to hurt anyone."

Uri—well, Uri suffers. All he ever wanted to do was good, among earthquake victims in Italy on his vacation, among Arabs on the West Bank. But he's subverted by superior theorizers. "I'm going through what you might call a reverse conversion right now," he says; "I'm learning not to believe." And: "It's

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only anguish, calling me louder than the other voices. Like a craving. Like a passion. For a woman, let's say. Yes." Finally, he hasn't much strength left, "not enough to take revenge, and not enough to forgive either. Only enough to sleep and not to be."

Now meet Khilmi, the novel's fourth storyteller and its afflatus. At last: an Arab. Perhaps conveniently, he is also mad, a one-eyed humpback in a silk robe and a black beret, who goes on too much, in his grape bower, his cave, his magic barrel, the cleft of his terebinth tree, about "his patron and protector," the hermit Darius and a hunter "who draws lions in the sand." Khilmi belongs to another literature entirely, the Koran and *Arabian Nights*. In place of our "once upon a time" he substitutes an Arabic equivalent, *kan-ya-ma-kan*: "there was or there was not." In "splashes of color and points of memory," he dreams an epic of panthers and dervishes; of lanterns from Bethlehem and candles from Nablus; of harvest songs, locust plagues, donkeys with samovars, the awful English and the awful Turks, the Emir Abdullah and King Hussein, "whose soldiers slaughtered us without mercy." We hear about rababa, darbekas and the singing of the prophets Noah and Mussa; about beloved Job, and the twenty-eight stations of the moon, and Sha'aban with his bottles of powdered hyena testicles and jars of ravens' blood and jackal claws, off to kill a Syrian bear. What Khilmi, flying over his "invisible village," sees through the blue tunnel of his blind eye is Palestinian history. What he listens to on his transistor radio, from Fayruz in Beirut, from Um Kultum in Cairo, is a lamentation of "the weeping, fallen and forsaken people."

Against the logic of power, the instrumentalism and the bad faith of the Israelis, Khilmi is the embodiment—and the levitation—of the repressed: memory, history, landscape.

See him grow up speechless and unwanted, tethered like a dog to a courtyard tree. See him take in Arab children as unwanted as he was. See one of these "moonchildren" join Al Fatah, and die in a skirmish with Israelis. Khilmi believes in nonviolence: "Softer than a feather. More fragile than an egg . . . stubborn patience and infinite weakness. They will not be able to bear it." And: "We should have drawn into ourselves. Each person to his house and village in silence, to wait. . . . Then you would be struck with terror. Perhaps you would resort to violence. Think of it: a million people never touching you at all. Silence growing. . . . In the beginning you may shoot us, but we will kick a hole through our killers. And you are not made of very hard stuff." But his adopted son is dead. And so Khilmi takes a hostage: the ever-willing Uri.

Lamb *is an anthology, a Rosetta stone, of secret languages, symbolic systems of communication.*

Causing Katzman to think: "You have to be as crazy as Uri to step out of your life and view it from the outside, to rub your eyes and wonder how such a thing had happened. How we had all been turned into hostages." Whereas Uri, as always, sees things differently: "We're all *kan-ya-ma-kan* around here, and the only real thing about us is the pain we bring."

Besides *kan-ya-ma-kan*, Khilmi speaks another language he's taught his moonchildren, an "infant tongue" with only a word or two of human speech ("longing," "caress"); stories "carved in water," "quarried in the wind"; "shadowplay" and bird-gibber; parables of plants, "of crushed leaves or twisted stalks, or perhaps," "to cure sadness," a broken thistle. Compare this speech with what a therapized Shosh talks into her tape recorder: "magnetic residue." Or the hateful scribblings of Al Fatah: words "so hot [they] did not see whose blood had been spilled in the ink." Or the infant tongue that Katzman, like Khilmi, spoke only to his father, in the pit where they hid from the Germans, "a private language" based on Ariosto, about whom his scholar father was writing—a book the son was forced to memorize. Shosh thought Katzman was "the person who could translate me into a foreign language" but he's only "the steam that reveals the invisible ink spilled on the page long ago." She's also furious to find that her own father, the liberal hypocrite Abner, is the very poet who under the pseudonym Aviv Raz "named the names, who kneaded me into words—no, not words—but shattered syllables, swollen letters that sank into me with a cold flame."

Lamb is an anthology, a Rosetta stone, of secret languages, symbolic systems of communication. Kites talk, "long-tailed paper bats, colorful rhomboids with crosses of nickel and bamboo." And so do military orders, when you do harm: "How convenient military language was for such occasions. Sometimes Katzman felt it was his mother tongue, having lost his Polish and never mastered Hebrew." And so does a game of Scrabble, spelling out, like a Ouija board, words like "timely," "victim" and "yearning." There's even a sign language for lovers: Katzman and Shosh devise "a sly language of signals and insinuations" to use in Uri's presence. When she kisses Uri on the nose, it means she'll be waiting for Katzman the next day, when Uri has gone to the West Bank to do good. (If this sounds like the Judas kiss, well, "lamb" also has a Christian resonance. Maybe Christ was the first Middle Eastern hostage.) And *against* all these languages, there are a surprising number of mutes, as well as suicides: a sign language that speaks of nothing left to say. If, sometimes, the fathers are assisted in their suicides by their sons, almost as often the children kill themselves, feeling betrayed by their parents and their surrogate parents.

Obviously, Grossman intends his occupation to stand as a metaphor for a whole range of distorted relationships: for power and deceit and betrayal; for violations of privacy and intimacy in the bedroom, at the therapist's, wherever there's a West Bank; for the fictions we invent to excuse and suppress those violations and betrayals; *kan-ya-ma-kan*. Just as obviously, Khilmi is an imaginary Arab—too fantastical, too much a literary construct of exotic bric-a-brac and secondhand *Sumud* (long-suffering, endurance) to represent a Palestinian reality with its own fair share of innocent Uris, cynical Katzmans, deracinated Shoshes. Grossman will have to leave his library and ride *The Yellow Wind* to Bethlehem University, Nablus and Wadi Alfuqin. (Marshall Berman reviewed *The Yellow Wind* in these pages [May 28, 1988]. I'll tell you it belongs on a very short shelf of the literature of shame along with Felicia Langer's *An Age of Stone* and Yoram Binur's *My Enemy My Self*. To which, while we're at it, I might as well add Gloria Emerson's *Gaza: A Year in the Intifada*.) But at least, in an enormously ambitious first novel, he demanded of himself meaningful answers to the hard questions. And he was only warming up.

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To summarize *See Under: Love*—so prodigal, so heedless—is to risk ridicule. Briefly:

Momik is a 9-year-old "alter kopf" in Tel Aviv in the 1950s. His survivor parents won't talk to him about the camps. He thinks of the Nazi as a beast in his cellar to whom one feeds Jews. Then there's Momik's great-uncle, Anshel Wasserman, who once wrote adventure stories for children, who likewise survived the camps, but whose witness is unintelligible, a sinister gibberish. Momik will grow up, after a bout of madness, to become a writer, obsessed with the Holocaust. In Poland, at Gdansk, a grown-up writer Momik talks to the sea, and the sea tells him a story about Bruno Schulz, the Polish-Jewish writer murdered by the Nazis. Momik and the sea then imagine, together, Schulz's lost masterpiece *The Messiah*: just like Cynthia Ozick. Then Momik, alone, imagines his great-uncle Anshel in the death camps.

Anshel in this imagining is a sort of Scheherazade in reverse. He tells a serial story every night to the Nazi commandant, Herr Neigel, in return for which, every night, Neigel shoots him, though bullets buzz right through his head, breaking mirrors and windows. The story Anshel tells derives from his adventure series *The Children of the Heart*, about superheroic kids who fly, by a "Leap in Time" machine, to the assistance of Beethoven and Galileo, Edison and Pasteur, slaves, gladiators, Armenians and Robin Hood. But Anshel's heroes are now old, hiding out with Momik's childhood friends in the Warsaw Zoo, a "Resistance" of artists and dreamers. So absorbing is Anshel's story that the Nazi pretends in letters to his wife that he has written it himself, that it represents his secret thoughts, that there remains to him some decency. So consumed is Neigel with Anshel's characters, he wants to add to them one of his own—*and they let him.*

Finally, while we are wondering whether Anshel's story is really another crack at trying to imagine Schulz's *Messiah*, *See Under: Love* turns into "The Complete Encyclopedia of Kazik's Life"—at once the story of a fabulous child of the dreamers in the zoo and a glossary of the Holocaust, in which Anshel's characters are mixed with *Grossman's* characters, including Momik and Anshel, abolishing narrative, trying the patience, boggling the mind.

Now, then: The little boy Momik section of *See Under: Love* is a brilliant novella in and of itself. This is how children,

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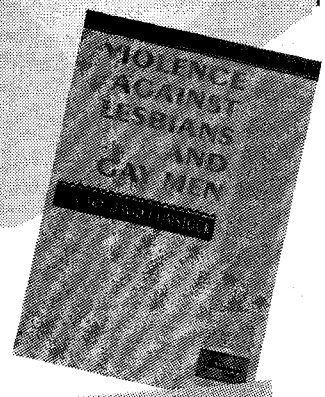

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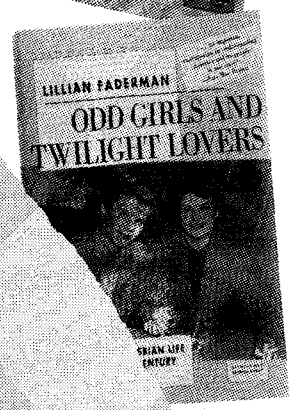

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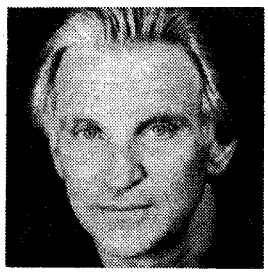

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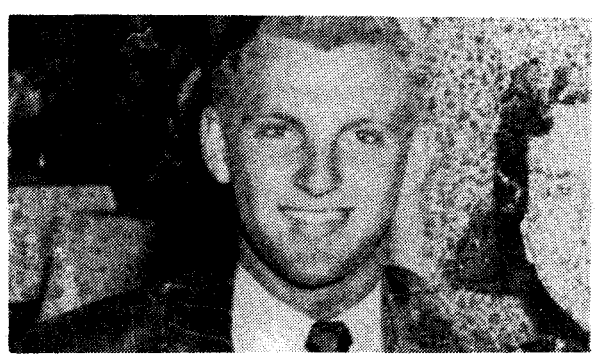

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natural detectives, piece together the face of the unknowable, from animals tortured in the cellar and lunatics on the street and entries in the encyclopedia and the numbers tattooed on arms. This is how writers are doomed to their obsessions before they're old enough to defend themselves; having gone to bed, they suffer history's nightmares, not their own. To God, Momik's mother says in Yiddish, "Maybe you could play with some other family?"

The Momik-in-Gdansk-with-Bruno-Schulz section is woozy. Of course, "a new grammar and a new calligraphy had first to be invented" for "the day the world would shed its scales like a fabulous lizard." And it's affecting to think of Schulz, bending to kiss Munch's *The Scream*, connecting Munch, Kafka, Mann, Hogarth and Goya to a network of truth tellers—"weak links" in a system of social and language control. But Schulz as a salmon is a bit much, especially after he acquires fins; and so is the talking sea (probably a nod to Günter Grass), "a woman's psyche in a body of water," sleeping "deep in one of a thousand lunar basins"; and the re-imagining of the lost *Messiah*, in which all the citizens of a Polish village turn by "magical forgetting" into artists, "firsthand souls," "mute essences" without language or a past, is a distinct disappointment after Ozick's dazzle in *The Messiah of Stockholm*.

Whereas the Anshel-tells-a-story-to-a-Nazi-Esau section is a Brothers Grimm for modern Europe, with Hannah Arendt as the fairy godmother. What a problem Anshel represents for Herr Neigel: "A Jew who cannot die! What if other Jews were to catch on to undying now?" And what an opportunity for Anshel, this switch from commercial fiction to the real stuff of Sholom Aleichem and Mendeleh Mocher Sephorim, Tolstoy and Gorky, not to mention the fantastical compilations of Moharan, a little Zohar, a peek at Angel Raziel and the Book of Transmigrations. In the Warsaw Zoo: a minotaur. And Prometheus, a "time-stealing" circle of 360 mirrors "gleaming in the moonlight like icy tombstones." And The Scream, a mechanism of soldered drainpipes to contain "the purest octave of human anguish . . . the cry of the naked soul." And Kazik, born into this Scream and thus deaf to it, who will have to live his whole helpless life in a single day. And Otto, the guerrilla leader of the Children of the Heart,

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who weeps. This zoo, of course, is an ark.

To pass from Anshel in the death camp and the zoo to an Encyclopedia (in Hebrew and English) including everybody we've already met (except Anshel) and some we haven't (picked up off the ghetto streets, seized from Yiddish literature) is to be confounded again, as with the talking sea. We're reminded too much of Primo Levi's *Periodic Table*, or Danilo Kis. After so many excessive characters—the Russian physicist with "golden hands and a closed heart," the lamed *vavnik* who smells of herring, the Armenian magician, the soul-stealing biographer and human glossary, the masturbating student of the Cabala, the alchemist of human feelings, the beautiful woman who seduces God and then stabs Him—we stagger from the novel as if from a hallucination, blind at pyrotechnics, having forgotten what it was we wanted and needed to know.

Something, however, has been rescued: a saving remnant, a quality of mercy. Momik, "a regular Holocaust homing pigeon," asks Ruthy (all right, I haven't told you who Ruthy is, but there are other women in Momik's life besides the talking sea, and they give him a hard time): "How can life go on after we've seen what a human being is capable of?" And Ruthy replies:

> Some people are able to love. Some people reach the opposite conclusion. There are two possible conclusions after the Holocaust, aren't there? And there are people who love and feel compassion and do good without any connection to the Holocaust. Without thinking about it day and night. Because maybe it was a mistake? Why not look at it like that, Shlomik?

He can't, of course. But maybe we can, some of the time, if only because in these pages we have also been in the White Room, where "you sit there as if you were inside a giant kaleidoscope, but this time the glass fragments are you," and whatever you happen to think about the Holocaust immediately materializes, "and if you don't answer the Sphinx correctly, you'll be eaten up." And we have seen, like Horatian (I'm not explaining Horatian, either), those "fabled creatures" flickering on the darkened ghetto street: "colorful seahorses, tiny and winged; forest elves gleaming in precious light; Cinderellas, witches, unicorns, phoenixes and Peter Pans." These flickers prove to be the phosphorescent pins made and sold in the ghetto to help Jews from bumping into one another in the blackness after curfew. After these pins, thirsty for meaning, Horatian goes to Otto and is allowed to drink Otto's salty tears. Otto "always found it easy to cry."

Somehow in fables and pins, as if from an ark after an impossible passage, what we see through Otto's salty tears is a corona of moral awareness—an embracing rainbow. To have found anything of the sort in a contemporary "metafiction," its saddlebags stuffed with every imaginable modernist excess, is amazing. □

What Are We Fighting For?

RICHARD J. WALTON

THE VIETNAM WARS 1945-1990. *By Marilyn B. Young. HarperCollins. 386 pp. $25.*

For millions of Americans, and certainly for many *Nation* readers, the Vietnam War was a formative, even transformative experience. Thus the publication of this fine study would, at any time, be cause for rejoicing. But Marilyn Young has done us an even greater service than she could have known, for this book appeared at the start of the Persian Gulf war.

For all the valid talk of how different the two wars were, we can see through this concise but comprehensive study that there are essential similarities between Vietnam and the gulf. The oft-cited differences concern the enemy. However, when it comes to the U.S. government, initiator of both wars, there is scarcely any difference. This leads to a conclusion that, alas, seems inescapable: There will be more of them.

There is, of course, one immediate objection. The Persian Gulf conflict, some will say, was not an anti-Communist war as were Korea and Vietnam and all the other "brush-fire" wars. True, but I would argue that the anti-Communist hysteria of the years since World War II really obscured, and fed on, an even more pernicious national belief in Manifest Destiny, the deepest impulse toward the American imperium. That impulse goes back to the Spanish-American War, the Mexican War, the Monroe Doctrine and the crushing of the Indian nations.

I do not know how Young would respond to such a notion, but one of her most interesting passages suggests that she might not be unsympathetic. She writes that "by the early 1950s, both parties had accepted a set of axioms derived from NSC-68 [the infamous National Security Council document that established the philosophic basis of the cold war] as unquestionable as Euclid's." Young then lists those axioms. The second, fourth and fifth refer to Communism in terms that would have done Ronald Reagan proud. But the first and third do not mention Communism; they are worth quoting:

> 1. The intentions of the United States are always good. It is possible that in pursuit of good ends, mistakes will be made. But the basic goodness of U.S. intentions cannot ever be questioned. The intentions of the enemies of the United States are bad. It is possible that in the pursuit of bad ends, good things will seem to happen. But the basic badness of enemy intentions cannot ever be questioned. . . .
> 3. The most important lesson of recent world history is never to appease an aggressor. The softness of the democracies at Munich encouraged Germany and Japan to start World War II. Aggression, "internal" or "external," must be stopped early if it is to be stopped at all.

There you have, in Young's words, the basis of American foreign policy since President Truman. Communism fueled that foreign policy but, as the gulf war demonstrated, was not essential to it.

Young's account makes it plain that there are other things to be learned from the Vietnam War that make the gulf war ever scarier. For we now know from *two* wars a generation apart that certain dangerous characteristics are deeply ingrained in the Washington mindset. First, the realities at the scene of the crisis do not matter. The only reality is what Washington thinks. "Vietnamese realities had little to do with the world of memos that increasingly became the sole context of American policy choices." Second, America's indifference to the consequences of its intervention on the local people is perhaps even more profound than its ignorance of the real situation. Young points out that "after

Richard J. Walton was the Citizens Party candidate for vice president in 1984. Among his books are Cold War and Counter-Revolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy *and* Henry Wallace, Harry Truman and the Cold War *(both Viking).*

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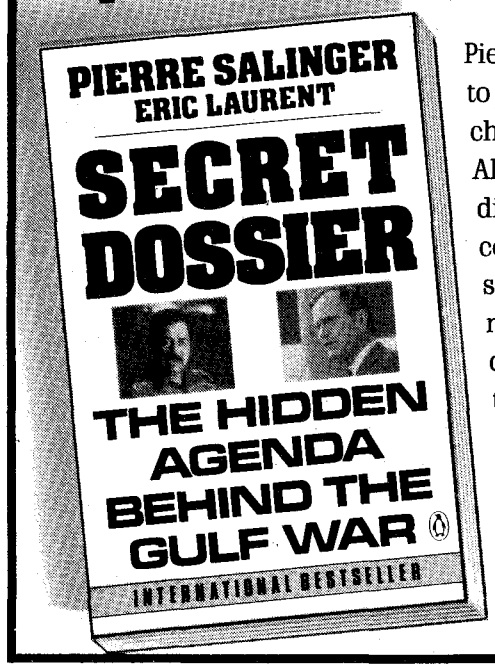

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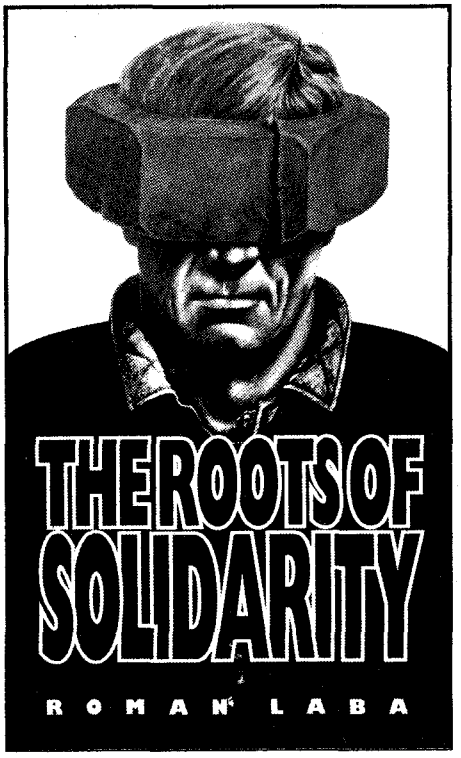

In July 1980, two weeks before the Gdansk shipyard strikes, Roman Laba arrived in Poland. He stayed there for almost two and a half years before he was arrested and expelled from the country for "activities noxious to the interests of the Polish state." Laba had set himself the ambitious task of documenting the history of Poland's free trade union.

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a decade of intense engagement in Indochina, the categories of America's understanding of the Third World remained pristine of historical experience. The abstract mythological model, applicable to any nation, upon which United States policy based itself, reflected not so much ignorance of the history, culture and society of others as indifference."

Thus, millions were killed in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos; the land itself was despoiled by chemicals and explosives; and Cambodia, once so serene, is still in torment. Perhaps more than 100,000 were killed in the gulf region, and only public opinion forced the United States to respond to the desperation of the Kurds. Ignorant and indifferent in Indochina, ignorant and indifferent in the Persian Gulf. Where will we fight next, and when?

Third, when confronted by a perplexing problem, the United States doesn't try to understand it or seek a political or diplomatic solution—it sends in the troops. What Washington learned from Vietnam was to build up the troops quickly, amass an overwhelming force and finish the job before protests can swell. In both Vietnam and the gulf, diplomacy ("I walked the last mile": Johnson/Bush) was window dressing.

Fourth, in the gulf as in Vietnam, the press is considered an enemy. The government follows, to the extent possible, the practice in Grenada: The media are simply shut out. In any case, the mainstream press can be counted on, as in both Vietnam and the gulf, not to question assumptions, at least in the early stages. In Vietnam, as Young makes plain, the press at first was in the cheering section. In the gulf the press, willingly or not, was an instrument of the Bush Administration.

A final note about the gulf war as seen through the prism of *The Vietnam Wars*. There has, quite legitimately, been talk of the atrocities committed by Saddam Hussein's Iraqis. It is good to be reminded by Young that Johnson's and Nixon's Americans committed atrocities too. Some of the photos in this book's fine selection bring tears to the eyes, all these years later. There is talk, also legitimate, about Iraq paying reparations. It is good to be reminded that Nixon promised reparations for the horrors visited on Indochina, but the United States never paid a nickel. And there is talk of war-crimes trials for Saddam. Needless to say, there was no serious talk of such trials for

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the United States. We were a different kind of loser.

Yet, even though I could not resist reading Young's book in light of the Persian Gulf war (as many readers will), it must ultimately, of course, be judged for its treatment of the Vietnam War. And there it succeeds. It is all here: rearming the Japanese to hold on to Indochina until French forces could retake their colony, U.S. aid to those French forces until their defeat at Dien Bien Phu, the Geneva talks, the U.S. subversion of those accords, the steady increase of U.S. involvement in the Indochina quagmire, the byzantine politics of South Vietnam, the Kennedy coup against Ngo Dinh Diem, the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, L.B.J.'s escalation, Nixon's "Vietnamization," the invasion of Cambodia, Kent State and Jackson State, the antiwar movement, the peace talks and the 1972 Christmas bombing and the inglorious end to America's longest war. And, throughout the book, the horrors of the war years and the years since. A melancholy but fascinating story.

Although clearly a critic of U.S. policy, Young is never doctrinaire. Her clear, lucid prose takes us step by step through the Indochinese labyrinth. And because her account is so cool, her criticism is all the more effective. As she relates the tangled story, my long-ago anger returns and I feel again the outrage that forever transformed me from a Stevensonian liberal to a revisionist writer and activist.

Some may wonder: Why *another* book on Vietnam? Many overdosed on Vietnam War news during the war and have read much about it since. But to millions of young Americans, Vietnam is ancient history; they need a new study, thorough and detailed yet relatively brief (college instructors please note). Young, a professor of history at New York University, is fair and balanced, though without spurious objectivity. Although the book's conciseness—it must have been a difficult task to keep it short—is one of its virtues, once in a while I thought Young overdid it. Occasionally we need to know more.

In the moving epilogue of this commendable book Young attempts to tally up the costs of the Vietnam War. It is, of course, an impossible task, for who can comprehend the loss of millions of Indochinese lives in a senseless war, or even the loss of nearly 60,000 American lives? But a couple of statistics she cites will stick with me forever as capsulizing the folly of the Vietnam War. When it ended, there were 200,000 prostitutes in South Vietnam; and more Vietnam veterans have committed suicide than were killed in the war. It is to just this war that Young is such a splendid guide. □

THEATER.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

Sister Carrie

When I journeyed to Malvern, Pennsylvania, just outside of Philadelphia, to see The People's Light and Theater Company's production of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, I wondered whether this would be the real turtle soup or merely the mock. No full-scale dramatization of Dreiser's seminal work of realism has ever before been mounted.

Yet *Sister Carrie* is a very theatrical novel, and I am not speaking only of its tragic theme. To be sure, the richness of the novel—its slow patient accumulation of urban detail, making it the premier American novel of the city—poses logistical problems for the dramatist: This material spills over the boundaries of the conventional psychological drama. Fortunately, People's Light did not attempt to condense the book or to narrow its focus to the relationships among the three main characters. Playwright Louis Lippa has written a full, spacious adaptation that runs nearly seven hours. (The production is divided into two parts, each with three acts. Theatergoers can attend on consecutive weekday nights or at matinee and evening performances, with a dinner break in between, on Saturday and Sunday.)

But *Sister Carrie* is also theatrical in that the text is studded with references to the theater of the 1880s and 1890s. The elegant saloon manager George Hurstwood is a practiced actor in his role. Theater serves as a direct motive force in the plot. Carrie's interpretation of a leading role in an amateur production of a popular melodrama of the period, Augustin Daly's *Under the Gaslight*, leaves her two competing swains, Hurstwood and the salesman Charles Drouet, almost sick with love and lust and determined to possess her. And later in the book, when Hurstwood begins his downward slide, Carrie lands a job as a chorus girl in one of the silly comic operas of the day, unwittingly launching a career that will make her a minor Broadway star.

Sister Carrie has theater in its bones. Dreiser himself was a frustrated playwright and had written a (very bad) comic opera before he eventually tried his hand at novel writing, producing *Carrie*. Lippa and director Ken Marini have responded to the book's cues; they revel in the theatrical references. The production demonstrates that the best way to translate a novel to the stage is, first, to trust the author's intentions—avoiding a Hollywood travesty like William Wyler's 1952 film of *Sister Carrie*—and, second, to exploit all the artifices and techniques in the theatrical trunk.

Lippa's script sets up spare dramatic scenes, stripped of the author's Victorian digressions but retaining Dreiser's sweep and narrative drive. Marini deploys music, mime, tableau and choral movement to evoke the period and social backdrop of the novel. Individual scenes are not punctuated by a curtain; one flows into the next, as in a novel. Where explanatory narrative is needed, a minor character briefly conveys the necessary information—often while shifting scenery to set up the next locale.

With the assistance of Terry Beck, a dance choreographer, Marini skillfully deploys the nineteen actors in crowd scenes. They march and countermarch in ranks to suggest the clash of city crowds, as seen through the fearful eyes of the newly arrived Carrie. The staging of the factory scenes is especially powerful. No machines are shown. The women mime their labors in twisting, jerking, repetitious gestures: It is the machines that are driving the workers, not the other way around.

James F. Pyne Jr.'s sets are mobile and versatile, performing, like the actors, a variety of roles. When Carrie goes job hunting, several doors on wheels are moved around by the actors, ending up in a slanting row of seven, a man at each, eyeing her with sexual calculation as she walks by them. When the action shifts from Chicago to New York, the actors strut about in the stunning costumes of Lindsay Davis to re-create the Broadway matinee-day promenade, singing a period-flavor song composed by John Lilley. Lilley has written haunting theme music, interspersed with snippets from contemporary songs, such as "A Bird in a Gilded Cage" and "On the Banks of the Wabash," by Theodore's brother Paul Dresser. The strains of the latter serve as a sentimental reminder of the home and mother Carrie left behind.

Hurstwood's slide into poverty is

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shown against a backdrop of street scenes from New York City during the 1894 depression. Homeless people wrapped in blankets lie down to sleep in the snow—and then rise up, throw off their coverings and become fashionably dressed Broadway theatergoers, conveying the Dreiserian subtext that the line between the down and out and the rest of us is a slender one.

The acting, especially in the peripheral roles, is often stylized, drawing on the conventions of nineteenth-century melodrama. The private detective who has tracked the defalcating Hurstwood to a Montreal hotel postures like an old-time villain. The rehearsal of *Under the Gaslight*, in which the director instructs his cast of amateur actors in the stereotyped poses of melodrama, is played for laughs—easy ones, to be sure, yet adding another form of illusion to the dramatic mix. That Carrie ultimately triumphs, both in the play and in her real-life love affairs, by eschewing conventional gestures and speaking the hackneyed words of the melodrama with such heartfelt feeling that they gain emotional truth, is a comment not only on changing styles in theater but on her own situation.

Missing are Dreiser's broodings, his vision of the city as a Darwinian jungle.

By contrast, the intimate scenes among Carrie, Hurstwood and Drouet are played realistically. Restricted by the conventions of his day, Dreiser is silent about Carrie's sexuality; in the play she inspects her nude body in the mirror after being seduced by Drouet. The display does not seem gratuitous: It shows a young woman wonderingly contemplating the awakening of desire. The overall result is that the play is both true to period and referential to our own times.

There are problems, some arising from the source. *Sister Carrie*, for all its truth and power, is a structurally flawed novel, and this is even more visible on stage. As H.L. Mencken told Dreiser, the book had "a broken back." The first half is about Carrie—her affair with Drouet, her defection to Hurstwood, who represents to her a finer type of man, their flight after he steals $10,000 from his employer's safe, and their subsequent married life in New York. In the latter part, the focus shifts to the disintegration of Hurstwood, and, despite her rise to Broadway celebrity, Carrie fades into the background. In a controversial ending that he added as an afterthought to attempt to bring the novel back to its heroine, Dreiser sits Carrie in a rocking chair in her posh suite and apostrophizes her, justifying her conduct and predicting her perpetual dissatisfaction. But the tone is moralizing and clashes with the author's profound sympathy for her aspirations in the rest of the book.

Still, the novel's real climax, the death of Hurstwood, is movingly staged. As he sags to his final rest on a flophouse cot after turning on the gas and muttering, "What's the use?" Carrie rocks, on the other side of the stage, staring with troubled eyes into her future.

What is missing from this production are Dreiser's philosophical broodings, his vision of the city as a Darwinian jungle where the strong rise and the weak fall and social forces are like forces of Nature. Neither director nor playwright has found the dramatic equivalent of the voice and mind of the author, however true they have been to his characters and setting.

Still, The People's Light and Theater Company has succeeded admirably in reincarnating Dreiser's novel; despite the production's length, one's attention rarely lags (mainly in Part Two, when the staging sometimes seems overcontrived). The actors playing the three protagonists adeptly convey the emotional truth of Dreiser's prototypes. Elizabeth Meeker is the Carrie of the author's dreams, a "waif amid forces," country-fresh, naïve, vulnerable and, in the end, tougher and wiser but vaguely unfulfilled. Stephen Novelli struts Charlie Drouet's bluff charm, the drummer's sly shrewdness and hearty emptiness. Tom Teti is a chesty, manipulative Hurstwood, and he makes real the man's descent into pathetic ineptitude, cadging dimes for food, dreaming he is still a Chicago magnifico presiding at his "way-up swell saloon." He doesn't, however, project the darker forces of artifice and dissimulation lying behind the manager's bland, glittering eyes.

The remainder of the cast doubles—or rather quadruples—in a variety of roles. Individually, they are effective to varying degrees, but collectively they admirably populate Dreiser's urban world. This is a fine and moving *Carrie*, a novel brought to life on stage with passion and imagination. ☐

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FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Requiem for Dominic
Chameleon Street

Dominic Paraschiv died in a hospital in Timisoara, Romania, on December 27, 1989. The authorities had denied him medical treatment for the gunshot wounds he'd suffered but kept him in the hospital anyway, tied down under a rope net, in a ward sealed off by soldiers. His family was not allowed to visit him; journalists were. To the news media, in Romania and the West alike, Paraschiv was the Butcher of Timisoara, a man who had murdered eighty of his fellow workers at a chemical factory for reasons that were elided, rather than explained, by the word "terrorism." Reporting in the midst of a revolution, the Western journalists knew only that Paraschiv had been accused of working for the secret police—the Securitate—and that eighty corpses lay sprawled on the floor of the hospital, available for videotaping.

That much of the story behind *Requiem for Dominic* may be verified. There is also a verifiable anticlimax: In May 1990, the present Romanian authorities declared that the charges against Dominic Paraschiv had been false. Between these two known limits of truth come director Robert Dornhelm and his film. A childhood friend of Paraschiv, Dornhelm learned of the accusations in December 1989 and heard of the death a few days later. Not knowing what to believe, he went to Timisoara with the writers Michael Kohlmeier and Felix Mitterer and began to make a film that was part documentary, part investigative report, part drama. Mitterer went in front of the camera in the role of Paul Weiss, a fictional counterpart to Dornhelm. Some of the journalists who had reported on Paraschiv agreed to play themselves; an actress took the role of Paraschiv's widow, who was cooperating with the production; the crowds in Opera Square, and the police, were real enough. The crew got together after each day's filming to write the next day's script, which was as likely as not to change with events. By the time filming was complete, Dominic Paraschiv had been exonerated.

How is one to judge such a film? Should one judge it at all? My first impulse is to find a cinematic niche for *Requiem for Dominic*, to shelve it between investigative thrillers (such as Costa-Gavras's *Z*) and Eastern European films made in the heat of the moment (notably Andrzej Wajda's *Man of Iron*). Very neat. But the Romanian revolution was not neat—it was a big mess, which is the main political point of *Requiem for Dominic*. Probably, Dornhelm argues, Paraschiv was accused of being a Securitate agent by the Securitate itself, looking for someone to blame for the murders it had committed. Within the film, Securitate men put on Revolutionary Front armbands and join the rallies, the better to bust them. A Securitate agent accuses the Paul Weiss character of being a cop, inciting the crowd to kill him; the film cuts from this fictional chase scene to documentary footage of someone similarly accused, trampled and kicked to death on the street. The demonstrators in Opera Square, in defiance of Ceausescu, chant "There is a God." If so, She alone knows who is running this revolution.

So my next impulse, after failing to confine *Requiem for Dominic* to a genre, is to pay attention only to the substance of its report. Much of the footage is documentary, whether shot by Dornhelm or by somebody else. The gaps in the narrative—which are only to be expected in a film made up on the spot—reinforce the impression of experience served up almost raw. The solution, then, might be to call *Requiem for Dominic* a mess of a film about a mess of a revolution. Much like the journalists who appear in the picture, Dornhelm packages as much of reality as he can latch on to; the wise viewer would then try to separate the contents from the container.

But then I come to the most devastating element of *Requiem for Dominic*, and this solution, too, falls apart. Alain Michel (who in the movie plays himself as a French journalist) videotaped Paraschiv dying in his hospital bed. Michel gave Dornhelm permission to incorporate that footage into the film—and so, at the end, you see the real Dominic Paraschiv, tied down, unshaven, semidelirious, as he utters his last words. Speaking in French, he insists on his innocence, assuring the cameraman that "the truth is like oil in the water, always rising to the surface." Then, with blood pouring from his mouth, he tells us that violence does not lead to freedom—love and forgiveness are the way.

I hope everyone who sees *Requiem for Dominic* finds the inclusion of this foot-

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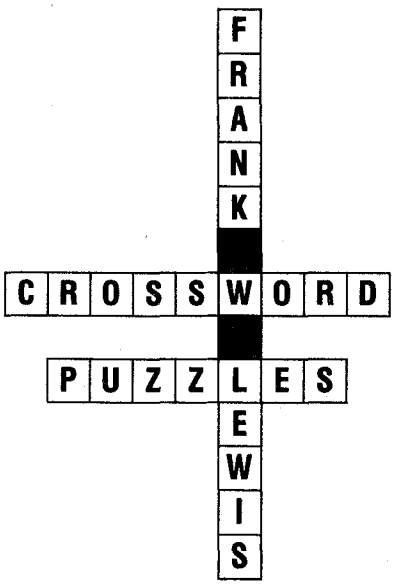

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age as morally troubling as the sentiments expressed in it. Let us assume, first of all, that the videotape is authentic. Let us assume as well that the second group of Romanian authorities, the ones who exonerated Paraschiv, were more honest than the first; and while we're at it, let's assume that Robert Dornhelm, who had not seen Paraschiv for thirty years, chased off to Romania only as a servant of truth. That's a lot of assuming—and it still leaves us wondering whether we are witnessing a deathbed confession of faith or the first political snuff film.

Requiem for Dominic achieves a grisly authority by the use of that videotape; it claims to put you directly in touch with a moment of reality, which is more urgent—and more knowable—than the surrounding intrigues and deceptions. The political events are a mess; but the man who is martyred to them, who is literally caught in a net, is plain and clear. By dying before your eyes, Paraschiv becomes the Christ of *Requiem for Dominic*, redeeming the film from its sins through his presence. Does Dornhelm have the right to use the videotape in this way? From his point of view, perhaps he'd be culpable if he had not.

Having no reason to suspect Dornhelm of lying, I would tend to give him the benefit of every doubt, including this final one. Still, the most impressive aspect of his film might be the queasiness it inspires. Dornhelm is not the first to mix actualities footage with a made-up story—filmmakers have done that from the start—but almost always the little bit of reality has been used to juice up the fiction. Dornhelm does the opposite. He invents a fiction in order to make the actualities footage more compelling—and since the footage, by its nature, lays such a strong claim on the audience, I felt as if a new limit had been reached, through means that were just this side of being justifiable.

"The truth is like oil in the water": Paraschiv was a religious man, and an air of religiosity hangs over *Requiem for Dominic*, giving the conflict between appearance and reality the aspect of a metaphysical problem. Perhaps that's how Dornhelm ultimately sees it; but his film implicitly poses the problem in terms that are also down to earth. As Karl Marx argued—hey, remember Karl Marx?—illusion is built into the workings of every payroll office. Why does industrial output turn into ownership for one person and $4.25 an hour for another? How does wealth become disguised as it travels upward in society, or down? Those were the important questions to ask about reality and appearance, Marx thought, and to hell with searching for a world in a grain of sand.

Dominic Paraschiv has to die on camera for us, not for his fellow Romanians; they still know about labor and lies, but we are daydreaming cynics, who think everything is an illusion.

Of course, Marx was writing before the invention of the camcorder. What's more, he was describing a world where the richest, most powerful nations did their own heavy manufacturing rather than ship out production to client nations where labor costs were lower. If he were to compose posthumously a fourth volume of *Capital*, Marx would now have to account for two further levels of disguise. First, the commodities themselves have become less substantial. In the United States and Western Europe, we produce fewer and fewer steel ingots, more and more blips on computer screens. Where did the steel and plastic come from, to make those computers? Don't ask. (Even when the materials are manufactured here, the process seems weirdly incorporeal. Go to an up-to-the-minute steel mill, and you'll see big guys sitting in a control room, smoking cigarettes and staring at video displays.) Second, of all the insubstantial commodities we produce, the one we consume most avidly is the moving image. We interpret a deceptive system in the light of an illusion.

In Ceausescu's Romania, this process of mystification had not yet reached third-degree intensity. The Romanians still manufactured their own goods—they had to, since nobody wanted their currency—and their TV was notoriously boring. Dornhelm does not address the first point, but he alludes to the second at the beginning of *Requiem for Dominic*, in a fictionalized scene set in Paraschiv's factory. Two television sets are playing in the locker room. One, perhaps picking up a Western broadcast, shows the corpses of people who were apparently killed in the revolution. The other, broadcasting the official Romanian channel, shows a band of folk musicians. In a society where illusion is propagated so clumsily, and from a single source, the people might not be able to identify the truth but at least will know that they're being told a lie.

Dornhelm does not go into this theme very deeply; he prefers to dwell on the better-understood problem of pack journalism. ("How many were killed?" asks one reporter. "Let's say 150. How does that sound?" replies another.) Dornhelm is also too much of a journalist himself—perhaps too much of a Westerner—to savor the ironies of a society in which everything said is a blatant lie. One might compare his straightforward approach to the subject with that of the late Alexandru Tatos, whose brilliantly devious 1982 film *Sequences* reveled in Romanian illusionism. Even so, the theme is present in *Requiem for Dominic*, perhaps even in the scenes of the rallies in Opera Square. When the crowd chanted "There is a God," they were of course asserting the claims of the Catholic Church. But I felt they were also issuing a rebuke to Ceausescu for his relentless propaganda, as if they were saying, "You have no authority to define reality."

Happy Romanians. To whom would *we* chant "There is a God"? The lies come from all sides in our society, and we enjoy them. That's the final reason Dominic Paraschiv has to die on camera for us—for us, and not for his fellow Romanians. They still know about labor and lies. But we are daydreaming cynics, who think that everything's an illusion, who must be brought into contact with a single, suffering man before we can feel we've touched reality or believe in motives other than lust, revenge or greed. *Requiem for Dominic* was made by a Romanian expatriate but was financed by Austrian television, for a market in the West. We need it.

To gauge how badly we need *Requiem for Dominic*, you might consider the case of *Chameleon Street*, a fresh, funny, deadly serious film by Wendell B. Harris Jr. Here, too, the topic is appearance versus reality, as seen in the career of William Douglas Street.

A young black man from Detroit with a high school education, Street spent the late 1970s and early '80s impersonating

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other, more successful people (the case is similar to the one explored by John Guare in his play *Six Degrees of Separation*). Harris, who not only wrote and directed the film but also plays the lead, does not try to explain Street's behavior—but he hints like crazy. Color is a continual preoccupation in the film, from an early discussion about Street's wife and her light flesh tones to a late conversation with four white lawyers, about their visits to tanning salons. To Doug Street it's too obvious to mention that status in America is skin deep—so why can't he become, say, a Harvard-trained surgeon, just by pretending to be one?

Chameleon Street continues this theme of deception by trying to look like a decently budgeted picture, which it was not. Shot on funds patched together from second mortgages and savings accounts, the film gets by on the basis of quick editing, strategically murky lighting, visual tricks that are deliberately tacky (such as a heart-shaped iris to show that Doug Street is in love). Its ultimate special effect, though, is Wendell Harris's voice. A Juilliard-trained actor who somehow wasn't ruined by the place, Harris speaks in a supple bass-baritone, which he drops into Barry White range when he wants to sound sexy, or raises to a declamatory height in scenes of exasperation or self-righteousness. Narrating Doug Street's story in first-person voiceover, Harris sets up a con man's easy rapport with the audience, making himself likable by pretending to strip away all his masks. He even promises to show us the videotape of his wedding—but he doesn't. As we discover, his second biggest problem in life, after racism, is his misogyny. He rarely bothers to discuss the first difficulty; when it comes to the second, he can't shut up.

It is no accident that Street's first impersonation is of a reporter from *Time* magazine, and that the scam's target is basketball star Paula McGee. Closeted with her, Street quickly goes from discussing her career to asking whether she's ever had an orgasm. His next impersonation—of a surgeon at Wayne State Medical School—is even more of an assault. With no medical training whatever, Street performs a hysterectomy—and comments, before slicing up his victim, that the stretch marks on her stomach disgust him. By the end of the film, Street has gone so far as to draw a knife across his daughter's throat—in play, of course—which alarms his wife sufficiently that she finally turns him in to the cops. His problems are all her fault, of course. What do women want? "Blood," replies the amateur surgeon and lady-killer.

I don't think Harris fully resolves this repellent theme with the rest of the film; but he does succeed in using it to get the audience into a push-pull relationship with Street. We're taken in by his charm and the ingenuity of his schemes. To the degree that he concentrates on professions in which bluster counts for more than substance—journalist, student, lawyer, politician—we root for him, as he proves how far a black man can go on native wit and nerve. Then, confronting his hatred of women, we back off, realizing that we, too, have become victims of his scam.

A film this sharp and intelligent deserves notice. It got some, too, at the 1990 Sundance U.S. Film Festival, where it won the grand prize. Since then, *Chameleon Street* has languished for want of effective distribution. I caught it at New York's Film Forum, which booked it for a two-week run; it has also had some short runs in scattered cities, including Cleveland and Atlanta. But is this the best we can do for a talent as big as Wendell Harris's? To give the answer appropriate to both *Chameleon Street* and *Requiem for Dominic*: apparently. □

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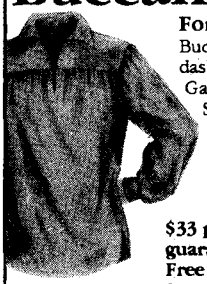

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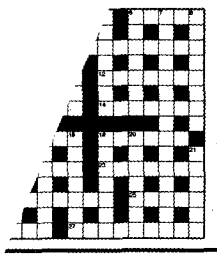

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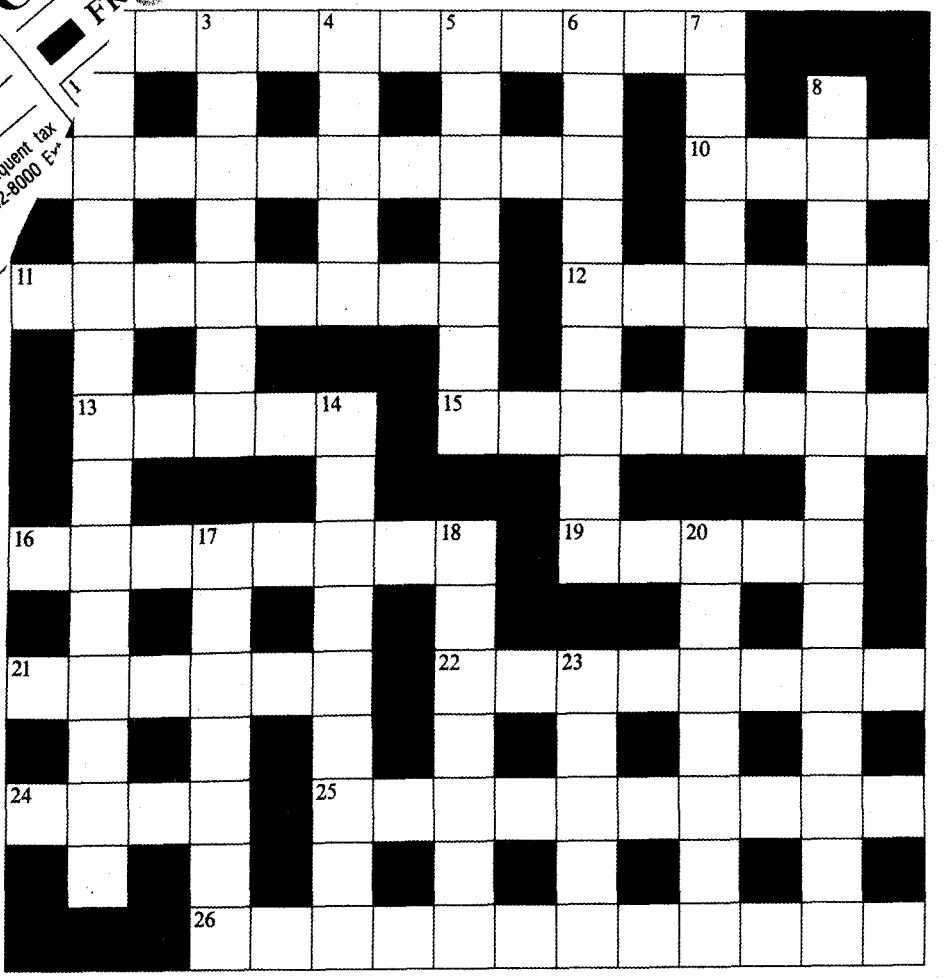
e Nation.

word Puzzle No. 2338

K W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What one says to send Tom away with nothing making sense might be almost obscene! (12)
9 Did I threaten to come to such a state? (10)
10 He reputedly knew a thing or two as an old man. (No word asked for by the doctor, however.) (4)
11 One might put a value on something like a work animal with running sores. (8)
12 Making linkage in part with a Russian composer . . . (6)
13 . . . like Charlotte or the Ballet. (5)
15 Vantage points only for those supposed to watch? (8)
16 Not likely to be found on your side and not one to be confused about what should be very soft. (8)
19 Standing up straight, with such a build! (5)
21 Jumbo chair? (6)
22 Over butter, I find sliced meat, perhaps. (8)
24 City mail sorted here? (4)
25 Once hid, apt to be the sort seen in the old office. (10)
26 That feeling when you can't figure out what you were supposed to bring home from the store? (12)

DOWN

2 Santa has a sort of poor habit, that makes him afraid of getting stuck in the chimney! (14)
3 Traditional symbols of rightness? Hot stuff for them to hold! (7)
4 Appears somewhat obscurely as what the weavers work with. (5)
5 Not limited to a single class, a major example has more than one star. (7)
6 and 23 With a few extra coins, a person moves from side to side, as the reformer is determined to do. (6,4,4)
7 With such a freckle, I leave after Shrovetide. (7)
8 Count on oral testimony, as they say, and they might give you a better sense of balance. (4,10)
14 Looks, hell! So much for what the old clerks wore! (9)
17 Certainly not typified by the one you don't want to get behind, but rather peculiar! (3-4)
18 Something talked about would be hot if right under the head. (7)
20 A certain type of ware might be for the listener at that time. (7)
23 See 6

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2337

C	A	M	P	A	N	O	L	O	G	I	S	T		
R		U		W		N		I		M		R		S
I	S	T	L	E		T	E	L	E	P	H	O	N	E
S		I		S		O		F		E		V		M
P	A	N	D	O	R	A		I	S	R	A	E	L	I
U		E		M				E		I				R
S	I	E	G	E		G	A	L	V	A	N	I	Z	E
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T	E	S	T	A	T	O	R	S		C	A	P	R	I
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It's all very good to have the best anal

Why Do the P rogressive Social Change M ovements Keep Los ?

This is the one question that most liberal activists try to would require a fundamental rethinking of their politic the people whom they ultimately need to win over—claimin merely a function of racism, irrational patriotism and nation Not surprisingly, most people react negatively, feeling that t and don't really like them. So no wonder that they're even l gressive analyses of the world.

We at TIKKUN start from a different assumption—that th and progressive movements have legitimate needs that we l attempting to shape a new politics that is more responsive to th dimensions of reality so often ignored by the Left, and to inte struggles for peace, human rights, and economic and social justi

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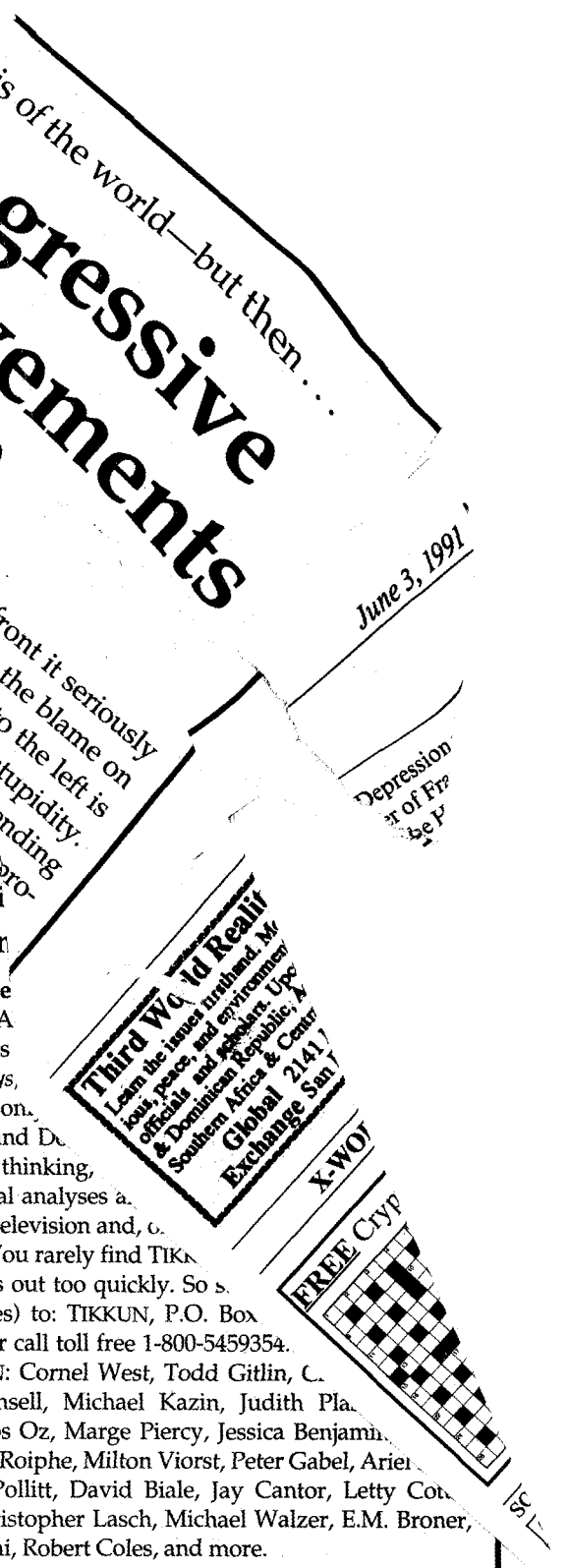
1. TIKKUN's International Conference of Liberal and Progressive Jews—in Jerusalem, June 23-27, 1991. Not surprisingly, the Israeli Peace Movement faces many of the same problems as the Left elsewhere. At this conference we will be exploring the problems faced by progressive social change movements in Israel—and in the West. And, in conjunction with Peace Now, discussing strategy alternatives for the Middle East peace process. Many Israeli doves believe that only U.S. pressure could impact on Shamir's intransigence. We will look at what our role in the U.S. should be, what kind of policy we should be advocating, as well as how to avoid unintentionally aiding the anti-Semitism and Israel-bashing that have recently surfaced in some sectors of the Left. We will also explore question like: • What liberatory possibilities exist for social thought and for social change movements in the West? • Internationalism vs. Tribal Values: What's left of the Enlightenment and rationalism? • How do we navigate between a reductive moral relativism (that reigns in many liberal and progressive circles) and an oppressive moral authoritarianism (that often seems so pervasive in much of the organized Jewish world)? Apart from strategy and ideological discussions, there will also be a set of classes taught by some of the most creative Jewish thinkers. Among the speakers and teachers: **Michael Walzer, U.S. Senator Paul Wellstone, Amos Oz, Michael Lerner, Abba Eban, Shulamit Aloni, Leah Shakdiel, Janet Aviad, Sidra Ezrahi, Alice Shalvi, Gail Pressburg, Jerome Segal, Peter Gabel, Gary Peller, David Grossman, Yair Yzaban, Dedi Zucker, Arthur Waskow, Moshe Idel, Ze'ev Sternhell, Hanan Hever, Naomi Chazan, Yaron Ezrahi,** and more! Registration info: call (415) 482-0805. Travel and accommodations, call Ayelet Travel: 1-800-237-1517.

2. Subscribe to read A magazine. This *American Essays*, TIKKUN is the on many years) and D best political thinking, poetry, cultural analyses a erature, film, television and, o thought too! You rarely find TIK stores—it sells out too quickly. So s year/six issues) to: TIKKUN, P.O. Box 61504-7735. Or call toll free 1-800-5459354. ers in TIKKUN: Cornel West, Todd Gitlin, C Christine Stansell, Michael Kazin, Judith Pla Berman, Amos Oz, Marge Piercy, Jessica Benjamin Lopate, Anne Roiphe, Milton Viorst, Peter Gabel, Ariel man, Katha Pollitt, David Biale, Jay Cantor, Letty Cot Pogrebin, Christopher Lasch, Michael Walzer, E.M. Broner, Shulamit Aloni, Robert Coles, and more.

3. Read *Surplus Powerlessness*. TIKKUN's editor Michael Lerner analyzes the psychodynamics of individual and social transformation in a book one critic describes as "the most important contribution to social thought since Wilhelm Reich and Herbert Marcuse." Included in Lerner's account of why and how we make ourselves more powerless than we need to be is a stunning chapter on how liberals and progressives systematically defeat themselves. Published in May, 1991 by Humanities Press. Available in better book stores or by sending $20 to TIKKUN, Box SP, 5100 Leona Street, Oakland, CA 94619.



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